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TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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My song is not of sunlit streets,
Of stores and dwellings rising stately,
Nor of the fashion that one meets;
My Muse has grown bucolic lately.
And yet 'tis not of field and wood,
Or nophyra with sweet incense laden,
But she would choose the livelier theme
Of city belle and village maiden.

The first she meets with every day,
The last is but a recollection;
And though she strive the other way
Her thoughts will flow in that direction.
The fuller charms of country maids
To peace, she vows, are more destructive
Than all the arts of city belles,
Whoe'er they be, or how seductive.

She says their cheeks, their ruby lips
Were made express for man's enthralment,
And that the honey-bee which sips
Each blossom's nectar by installment
Enjoys not half so much as he
Such perfect trances and such blisses,
Who folds a handsome lass to heart,
And robs her lips of honeyed kisses.

Her fragrant bosom's ivory round,
With soft emotions gently swelling,
In city belles are seldom found
If I'm to heed the Muse's telling;
She even talks of stays and pads,
With emphasis upon the latter,
And says with other things compared
That these are but a trifling matter.

"Ah, wicked Muse, some spite, indeed
Within your envious heart must rankle;
Oh, fie!" I said, "what kind of need
To cast out hints of leg and ankle?"
"The one," the Muse replied, "is laced,
The other, like the bosom, padded;"
"Well, what of that, this world's a stage
And life is but a play," I added.

GAVESTON'S HEIR;

OR,

CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

By the Author of "She Would be an Actress."

CHAPTER I.

"ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR."

In the height of the new gold fever, which has populated and made famous the once uncared-for tract of country known as British Columbia, a man sat alone before a blazing fire in a little log hut.

Before him was a bright stream or creek of clear sparkling water, on which the red gleam of the flames threw many a radiant reflection; behind him stately mountains with their mines of buried wealth, unknown for so many thousand years, but discovered and hunted for now with the eager greed of gold, which makes grave men leave their labor and fools their folly, and rush over half the world to gather the golden dust which is at once the bane and the blessing of man's existence.

The mountains lay in deep shadow under the starlit sky, and the placid water sent up reflections of their twinkling light, as calmly and clearly as though the foot of man had never invaded its shores, or turned the peaceful paradise of its solitude into a very hell of covetousness and evil passions.

All was quiet now, save here and there the bark of a dog and the sound of laughter and song from the digger's camp behind the hill, for he was only hidden by a projecting point from the infant settlement, which has since risen into the picturesquely situated town of Yale.

The fire light played full upon his face, and showed him a good looking man of five and thirty or thereabouts, with dark curly hair and beard, and brown eyes, with somewhat of a sinister look in them, as though he were always expecting an injury from his fellow men.

He had been a rover nearly all his life, and chance had flung him upon a chum or mate, or whatever diggers call the companions they choose, as unlike himself in character as could possibly be imagined.

Alfred Bennett, as he sat there gazing into the fire, looked quiet and peaceable enough; yet he was a thorough Ishmael, "his hand against every man's, and every man's hand against him;" a Bohemian, a citizen of the world, to whom the restraints and usages of civilized society would have been irksome in the extreme.

He was known at the diggings as "Lucky Taff," from having on one or two occasions been very successful, and from his almost universal success at cards. There were whispers that the latter arose more from skill than luck, and that Mr. Alfred Bennett in his own country would have been looked on as a card-sharper; but it would not have been good for any one to have said so out there.

He could take very good care of himself, and, besides, was always backed by other spirits as wicked and as daring, so that the settlement generally let him alone. His chum, Ralph Gaveston, was not unlike him as far as personal appearance went—that is, he had brown hair and eyes too, and was about the same height; but in all other things they were wholly dissimilar.

Ralph Gaveston, known by his comrades as "the gentleman digger," was a cadet of a good family, who had run away from home when quite a lad, and, by one of those singular chapters of accidents which occur now and then, had never returned.

To Alfred Bennett he was never tired of talking of his family, as he remembered them; but he was wont to say that not one that he cared for remained now—only two brothers older than himself, one of whom was married, and had, he used laughingly to aver, a houseful of children.

There was great wealth in the family, but the eldest brother inherited it all, and he (Ralph) would not go back to live upon the charity of his friends.

So he had lived on as aimless purposeless men will, now in one part of the world, now in another, sometimes rich and sometimes poor, till, on the night on which our story opens he was established in the new goldfield in British Columbia, sharing the home and daily life of a man whom his aristocratic relations would have spurned as unworthy to breathe the same air as themselves.

He was out while Alfred Bennett sat waiting for him on this night—a favorite among his fellows, he was welcome anywhere, and many a letter went far and wide over the world, written by his hand, for his uneducated fellow diggers. Not that he was a good scribe—far from it, though he managed to write what was readable.

A hurt on the back of his right hand, which had made a ghastly scar, had made it difficult for him to grasp firmly so small a thing as a pen, so that his writing was very uncertain and irregular.

This scar would have been a terrible disfigurement to a gentleman; it extended in white patches all over the back of the hand and over some of the fingers, but at the diggings it passed unnoticed. Alfred Bennett waited and mused, taking meanwhile a pocket-book from his breast and turning over its contents—they were varied, for the book was large—letters, receipts, a little parcel or two, and memorandums made up the sum.

One little package he opened, and turned what was in it over in his hand. It was not much—only a soft coil of silky brown hair, and a few words written on a scrap of paper.

"Curse her," he muttered, as he took the soft tress up, and it coiled round his fingers like a living thing. "Curse her for a faithless demon. Ha, ha! for a woman, and that says everything that can be said."

The words on the paper were few, only these—"For my dear husband, with my undying love," and a bitter smile curled his lips as he read them.

"And she would write *that*," he muttered, "and within a week go away and leave me to die a dog's death in an hospital ward. Bah! a dog would have been more faithful."

He made a motion as though he would have thrown the paper and hair away; but his hand closed on them again half involuntarily. The tress of hair curled round his finger, and he let it remain, while he turned to the other contents of the pocket-book. What he wanted was only a few fish-hooks wrapped in paper, given to him that day by a new comer to the settlement. He took them out, letting the paper flutter to the ground; it was a bit of old newspaper, crumpled and dirty, and he took no notice of it. He sorted the hooks, and tying them up with a piece of twine restored them to their place, and sat toying with the lock of hair which he coiled and slung round his hand. A hand laid on his shoulder made him start and turn round.

"What! Lucky Taff in a reverie!" said the new comer with a laugh. "That's something new."

Ralph Gaveston who spoke. He had come up unheard and unseen, so profound was the fit of musing into which his companion had fallen, and he had stood behind him a few minutes before he spoke. As he stood there with the firelight gleaming upon both their faces, there certainly was a great likeness between them; they were sometimes taken for brothers, and no wonder. Yet the resemblance was such as might have existed between a good spirit and a bad one, so gentle and kindly was the one face, and so dark and full of slumbering evil passions the other. It was the scarred hand that was resting on Bennett's shoulder, and the strong light brought it out in curious relief, and showed the white straggling cuts running over it like withered veins.

"What *are* you thinking of, Bennett?" he asked. "You look as though you'd found a monstrous nugget, which turned out copper, or some such catastrophe as that. What have you got there?"

"Only a woman's hair," the other replied, bitterly, making a movement as though he would toss it into the fire.

"Don't do that," said Gaveston, staying his hand. "Don't throw away a memento of love, even if it's dead with bitterness in your heart. Of course it is such a memento, or you would not have it here in this uncivilized place.

"Ay, it is a *memento*—nothing more. I was fool enough once to fancy that a woman could love and be faithful. This is all that's left me of either her love or fidelity."

He drew the tress across his hand, as though in spite of his fierce words he still retained some feeling of tenderness for her from whose head it had been cut, and then turned to his friend.

"You're laughing at me, Gaveston. I know you are. I don't know what has come over me to-night. I came across this thing in looking over some papers, and the sight of it has made a fool of me, I do believe. You and the world only know me as a wild rover, with no thought or care but for the present. There was a time when I was different, when the whole universe seemed to hold nothing for me but a happy home, with one angel face to be its light and blessing."

"And that was ——"

"My wife."

"*Your* wife!"

"Ay, you may well look surprised. I don't look a fit mate for a decent woman now. An Indian squaw or she bear would be a better companion for me than a tender, delicate woman; yet I had such a one about me once, beloved and loving, as I thought. It was a happy delusion while it lasted."

"Was it *only* a delusion?"

"Nothing else. I'll tell you about it, Gaveston. I know you are curious, and I never met a fellow I could talk on such a theme to. If by any chance I spoke of sorrow to anyone there," jerking his thumb in the direction of the settlement, "they would ask me, may be, to have a glass of brandy or a drop of gin to drown care and recollection, and laugh at the man who could keep in his heart the tender remembrance of a woman."

Ralph Gaveston looked at the speaker in surprise. In all the months of their companionship he had never heard Bennett allude to any part of his life except such as had been passed in a way as rough as the present, and he was surprised to find him in such a melting mood.

"Is she—your wife—dead?" he asked, after a pause.

"God knows," replied the other; "she is as much dead to me as though she were lying stark and stiff under the earth or at the bottom of the sea. Would she had been there, rather than I should know her to be what she is—false to me and to herself."

"She left you, then?"

"She did—when I was dying. We were in New York—had come from Australia, where I married her, poor girl. She was an orphan, and I took her from a place where she was only a drudge, and gave her such a home as I could. I came to America mate of a ship (I've been almost everything in my time), and I meant to settle her down there, and stick to the sea myself. Well, we hadn't been there many months, just settled down into a little house, and I was on the eve of a voyage, when I fell ill of a fever. A desperate fever it was, too—one of those which lay hold of a strong man and send his brain rioting and whirling through all degrees of madness, while they waste and tear at his body till he is only a living skeleton.

"They took me to the hospital, for it was infectious, and I could not see my little girl. I knew she would grieve, but I knew, too, at the same time, that she would want for nothing, for she had a bit of money, and I resolved to be as patient as an active man could be, laid on his back like that.

"At first I used to be able to send messages to her, and she would write me notes and put little tokens of her love inside them, and send them in. This was the very last," looking at the shining hair, "and then there came a time when the fever and delirium mastered me, and I lay—I don't know how long, it don't matter now—in wild, raving and helpless insensibility.

"Well, I recovered—though no one that saw me ever thought I should—and went home to find home desolate—my wife was gone, no one knew whither, and not a trace remained of the little comforts that we had gathered around us. No one knew us, we were strangers in the land; all that the people in the house where we lived could tell was that a gentleman had paid the rent and taken away the things, and that they had not seen Mary since one day she came home from the hospital crying bitterly and saying she was 'all alone—all alone.'

"They understood her to say that I was dead; but they had no time, I daresay to inquire into other people's griefs, and besides she left the house that day never to return.

"You may imagine, Gaveston, what I felt. I was alone—without friends, almost without money. I went back to the hospital and told my story to the house surgeon. He was very kind and looked back through the books to find my name.

"There was the report of my death sure enough, 'Alfred Bennett,' and the date also, stating that my friends not being at hand I had been buried by the parish. What poor wretch died in my name or was buried for me I shall never know; the interment took place almost immediately on account of the nature of the disease and the intense heat of the weather, and the mistake, when they discovered it, was of no moment to the officials. A man more or less made no difference there."

"But this was not desertion. Your wife believed you dead."

"Not desertion, when she never returned to ask a single question about the husband whom she believed had died without a friend near him to close his dying eyes; when she could go away with a man within an hour of hearing of my death, and send him to pay the rent of the house my hard earnings had provided for her! Would she not have been found when I advertised and sought her as only love can seek? No, Gaveston; she left me willfully for another man—left me with the knowledge of her perfidy, to make me hate and curse all women for her sake."

Gaveston sighed as he listened.

"I did not know you had this trouble at your heart," he said. "You may find her yet."

"Find my wife another man's mistress!" he replied, bitterly. "It may be——I shan't try. She is safe for me, as she has been these five years. Don't you ever marry, mate, if you don't want to taste what hell's like before your time. I have."

CHAPTER II.

A BIT OF OLD NEWSPAPER.

"I don't intend to marry," was Ralph Gaveston's answer to the last remark. "No woman will ever lay her head upon my breast and call me husband; no children will ever cling about my knees. I'm thirty-six years old, Bennett, and mine has been a wasted life, yet for all that I don't think all women are bad. I believe with the poet, that—

> "Woman in her deepest degradation,
> Holds something sacred—something undefiled;
> Some pledge and keepsake of her higher nature,
> Which, like the diamond in the dark, retains
> A quenchless gem of the celestial light."

"Oh, if you come to quoting poetry, I've done. You get beyond me; poets' women are all celestial beings, of course. Those of this world are things of another order entirely."

"So they may be, but the worst of them carry the light, for all that. I've not seen home for twenty years, and I've knocked about all over the world in that time among bad men and worse women, yet I never met one that could not be touched somewhere."

"They must have been different from some of the brazen trolls in the camp yonder, then; you had better try your hand at civilization there."

"I would, if I saw opportunity; I believe even those poor wretches are capable of love and gratitude."

"Love of drink and gratitude for anything in the shape of money. But what on earth makes you chivalrous on behalf of the women to-night, Gaveston? Have you met with a case of beauty in distress, or has there been a new arrival, whose charms have made an impression on your heart?"

"Neither; but I met some one in the camp whose face reminded me so strongly of bygone days that I had to stop and assure myself I was mistaken, and then your story and the bitter way you spoke of the sex set me thinking."

"Of these same bygone days?"

"Even so—nay, you need not smile, Bennett. I have no romantic love story to tell; no faithless wife ever left me or loving one clung to me. I have been a lonely man all my wandering life, and lonely I shall remain. It was an incident connected with this hand of mine that I was thinking of—but for the care and kindness of one of the lowest of the poor outcasts of society I should never have had my right hand again, perhaps should have filled a nameless grave in the Australian wilderness."

"Did you get that smash out there?"

"Yes; far enough from any place where there was a civilized doctor, or even a bed to lay me on when they picked me up, as they thought dying. We were only a few, thirty or forty wild rough fellows, trying their luck in a fresh place, and with them were three or four women, but such women as I trust I shall never see again. Utterly unsexed and brutal, their companionship was more like that of wild beasts than anything human, and the more decent of the men kept aloof from them as much as they could."

"And what brought *you* into such company? I always thought you a bit of an aristocrat till you took me for your chum."

"Chance, greed, love of excitement; any or all of these. We were not very successful, at least I was not, for it was in that expedition I got my hand smashed; a big bit of rock fell on it one day and pinned me to the ground, like a butterfly to a cork. When they lifted me up, I was only a bruised, battered sheep, fit for nothing but to be left by the wayside to die; and I should have died, but for the woman I told you of. She was a girl (for she was young still) whose whole life had been spent in sin and misery—who, from her cradle, if she ever lay in one, had never heard a tender word—whose very thoughts were foul and loathsome; and yet with it, she had a heart, and one that could be touched. I reached it quite by accident. One night, one of the coarse brutes with whom she and her fellow had wandered away struck her a brutal blow for some trivial offence, and sent her reeling and stunned away from the circle where he sat. She wandered towards me as I sat smoking, and threw herself down on the ground and cried bitterly."

"Ah! half sober, and consequently wretched," said Bennett, with a laugh.

"May be; but sensible of kindness for all that. I spoke a few words to her, and she looked at me with such utter astonishment as I think I never saw on a human face before. She seemed scarcely to understand what I said, but when I spoke again there came into her poor scarred face a look of such gratitude. It was the expression of a faithful animal which, shrinking to your feet, expects blows and receives a caress. From that hour I had some influence over Mattie, as she called herself. I think it was for good, though she seemed but little changed outwardly. She was the same lost brutalised creature to all appearance, but my voice would call a light into her eye and a smile to her lip, though I seldom spoke to her again."

"Was this heroine of yours beautiful?"

"Beautiful! My dear fellow, it would be impossible to conceive anything in womanhood more repulsive than poor Mattie; if ever as an infant she possessed the ordinary charm of childhood it was all gone. Her face was seamed and scarred, and prematurely old; her hair scanty and uncared for, and her whole figure most uncomely. There's not a drunken hussy in the settlement yonder that is half so ugly as that poor wretch was when I first saw her."

"And you reformed her, made a civilised woman of her? Bravo, Gaveston!"

"I did what I could, but the reform was in her own heart, not in me. I tell you, when the men would have left me to die, she tended me back to life; endured harshness, starvation, blows, to be my nurse through all those weary weeks, and all because I was, as she said, the only man who ever spoke a kind word to her. I rescued her from her evil companions, and interested those about her who could do her good in a proper way, and the last I saw of her was on board a ship bound for England, literally 'clothed and in her right mind,' as the Bible says."

"To have completed the romance you should have married her."

"Ah no!" said Gaveston, with a shudder, "though she would have stayed with me like a faithful dog, served me, and been my slave, for the sake of a kind look and gentle word; but a connection of that sort is not to my taste, and I sent her home."

"To fall into the common trade of her tribe. You will never hear anything more about her. She will find her level in London, and then step by step reach the same end as the rest of the sisterhood—the river or the workhouse coffin."

"May be, and yet I hope not. I have a strange feeling about Mattie. I think she will turn up in England yet, leading a decent life. If ever I return, which is not very likely, I shall try and find her."

"Well, you are the last person I should have suspected of striving to raise—what's the new name for them?—'social evil' into a heroine of romance. I have no doubt Miss Mattie was very much obliged to her friends for her outfit for the voyage, and turned all her clothes into gin as soon as she arrived in London. Women are all alike, my boy—not worth talking about. Light your pipe, and try this Cavendish—Wilkes gave it me this morning."

Gaveston filled his pipe, and then looking about for something where with to light it, he picked up the paper that had wrapped Bennett's fish-hooks. He laid it on his knee to fold into a pipe-light, when a word or two upon it caught his eye, and he paused and stooped over the flame to read it.

"Where did you get this?" he asked his companion in a husky voice.

"Which?"

"This paper."

"I don't know. What is it? Let me look. I can't tell, unless the hooks were wrapped in it that I got from those two fellows who have bought Bartlett's claim. Why, what's the matter? You are all shaking. Are you ill?"

"Look here, read that. Whatever chance blew that here to-night?"

Alfred Bennett took the torn and soiled paper, and knelt down by the bright blaze to read it. It was a piece of an English provincial paper, with a date of many months back, and the only entire paragraph upon it was of strange importance to the man who had been about to light his pipe with it five thousand miles away from home:—

"SINGULAR FATALITY: DEATH OF TWO BROTHERS IN ONE DAY.—It has seldom been our province to record two more painful events than those which occurred yesterday morning at Gaveston Hall—viz., the deaths of Gordon Gaveston, Esq., lord of the manor, and his brother, Mr. William Gaveston, also resident there. The two gentlemen, the records of whose decease will be found in our obituary, were singularly attached to each other, and the long declining health of the younger has been, we are grieved to understand, a source of much sorrow and anxiety to the respected master of Gaveston Hall. Mr. Gordon Gaveston had been for some short time in London; but on Tuesday last the illness of his brother took an unfavorable and alarming turn, and he was immediately telegraphed for. Sad to relate, he chose the ill-fated train to which the terrible catastrophe of Wednesday morning occurred, and almost at the very moment when his brother breathed his last, his corpse was borne over the threshold of his once happy home. The double calamity has cast a gloom over the surrounding neighborhood, and plunged several noble and aristocratic families into the deepest affliction. The lamented gentleman leaves but one son, an infant—the heir, a fine boy of ten, having died about twelve months ago. Failing this child, the estates, which are strictly entailed, go to a younger brother, Ralph Gaveston, Esq., who, we understand, has not been in England since he was quite a lad, and whose whereabouts is at present very uncertain."

Bennett sat silent for a moment or two after reading this paragraph, musing with the paper crushed in his hand; then, looking at his companion, he saw that his head was bowed upon his hands and that big tears were stealing through his fingers in bright drops.

"Why, Gaveston, old boy, downhearted? It's a lucky turn-out for you. I bet anything you'll turn out the heir after all."

"It's sudden, Bennett, sudden. I haven't seen my brother since we were lads together, and now I know, though I never felt it before, that I've all along hoped to see them once more before I die. Give me that paper again; there must be some mistake."

"How, my boy? Here it is; plain black and white. What shall you do?"

"Go back to the old country at once; see my brother Gordon's boy, and, if he's a sturdy fellow and likely to live and do honor to the name, come back again, may be: if not, stay and try to settle down into a civilized individual."

"You might be as uncivilized as you like, with a fortune and an estate. We'll sleep on it, Gaveston; and then, if you go to Europe, and will have me, I'll go with you."

"All right; I shall be glad of a companion. What can we realize, do you think?"

"Over a thousand. Hush! what was that?"

A slight rustling outside the hut made them pause in their conversation and listen; in a moment it ceased, and Bennett went out to reconnoitre. Nothing could be seen in the deep shadow behind the wall, and he returned to his seat by the blazing logs.

"There's nothing there but *Wolf*," he said. "He was snuffing round and scratching, but I saw nothing."

Wolf was a large dog, half hound half mastiff, the joint property of the two men, but especially attached to Ralph Gaveston. He was usually a safe and efficient watch-dog, but just now he had his mouth and his attention occupied by a savory morsel, and gave no warning of any intruder. The two men chatted on and planned how they would start on their journey. They would dispose of part of their gold and carry the remainder with them, and leave the settlement as soon as they could; Gaveston writing immediately to his friends in England to tell them of his existence and intended return. Bennet was the principal speaker, and his head seemed to be clearer than his friend's, for Ralph was stunned by the intelligence the scrap of paper had conveyed to him. He even took their bag of gold from its hiding place and looked at its glittering particles with delight.

"Here's the stuff to carry us back to Old England, old boy," he said; "I'm not home-sick, but I feel as though a sight of the Old Country would put new life and blood into me. We'll go together."

After a time their talk flagged—the most interesting conversation must have an end, and as the fire burned low they betook themselves to rest. Then, and not till then, when all was quiet in the hut, a man rose from the shadow of the wall where he had lain hidden, and crept noiselessly away. Through a chink in the wall he had seen and heard everything that had passed, and his gaunt face had a wolfish look about it as he made his way towards the camp.

"Lucky Taff and 'the gentleman' going home, eh?" said he to himself; "and with a thousand pounds of swag! That'll be news up yonder. A thousand pounds is a good bit, but I'm afraid it won't last till they get to England."

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON, BURLESQUE ACTRESS. For Biographical Sketch see another column

CHAPTER III.

WHAT LIMPING JACK SAW IN THE FOREST.

Very cautiously the man crept away from the hut where he had listened to the conversation between Ralph Gaveston and Alfred Bennett. Wolf raised his head and looked after him, but made no movement, either to arrest his steps or alarm his masters inside.

Once away from the walls, he put his hands in his pockets and strolled carelessly round the little promontory towards the town. He was a short, thick-set man, with a heavy lowering face and keen grey eyes, features sharply defined, and pitted with small pox, and grisly hair and beard tangled and matted with neglect.

He had a slight halt in his walk, the result of a deformity of the right foot, and was known by the diggers as "Limping Jack" in consequence. He was one of a set of idle, dissolute men who infested the settlement, rarely doing any work, and living no one knew how, and few cared to be so bold as to guess.

Many a robbery was committed of which the gang were suspected, but as yet nothing had been brought home to them, and it was generally imagined that they had outlying confederates in the neighboring settlements. They were never without necessaries; they kept their huts and managed to live, and they often had tobacco and various other articles to sell to the less fortunate diggers.

They were decidedly the black sheep of the place, and yet were jovial enough when they met their fellows over a glass of spirits or a pipe; and Alfred Bennett had often drank and gambled in their company. His friend was more select, and it was of him that Limping Jack was thinking as he shuffled back to his companions.

"So 'the gentleman' is *really* a gentleman," he murmured; "and a cove as may come into a fortune, too; wouldn't I like to be him, that's all. They'll be off, will they, and Gaveston 'll carry the swag, no doubt; 'twont hurt him to lose a little of it."

Along the small, unfinished little street he went, meeting with here and there a stray watcher, unable to sleep, may be, and strolling out under the bright stars, full of thoughts of home and friends, which will flash unbidden into the roughest hearts when thousands of miles of land and water lie between them and their native land.

From one and all he got a short "good night," or the exchange of a few trivial sentences, but he met none of his intimate companions; they were gathered together in the house to which he was bound, a little distance from the street.

Light streamed from the windows and through the chinks of the rude door as he approached, and showed him a noisy, half drunken party assembled within; cards and dice were on the table, and little heaps of gold dust were changing hands with the usual rapidity and uncertainty of gambling stakes. One or two new comers to the settlement were being despoiled of their possessions by the older hands, in the usual fashion of such unequal games, and instead of entering, Limping Jack stood watching the play for a few minutes. "Dan the Devil's a cool hand," he soliloquised as he saw a rough, wicked looking man slip an ace up his sleeve by a dexterous turn of his wrist, and thereby come in winner of a heavy stake. "A very cool hand is Dan; keen to get and close to keep. If he's let into the job with Gaveston and Bennett yonder, some one else may do the dirty work, and he'll look out for the profits. Why should he be let in? Why should any of 'em? There's two or 'em up yonder, but I think, if I manage matters well, I can do the trick myself; a tap on the head to *one* unexpected, and then I should only have the other to settle. I'll try it! Jack, my boy, you've done difficult things in your day, and a thousand pounds is worth a risk. I shall have to wait and watch and plan, but I'll do it; it's not the first time by a good many."

There was a fierce glare in his eyes as he spoke—an eager, hungry look, which agreed well with what was passing in his mind; but he paused a moment before entering the hut, and his face settled into an uneasy, discontented expression, like that of a disappointed man. A keen glance passed between him and the man he had called Dan the Devil as he entered. Dan raised his eyebrows inquiringly, and for reply he shook his head. That was all; no word was spoken and the game went on. By and by the hut was cleared of all but its owners—himself and two others, Dan being one, and they barred the door and drew to the fire.

"Well?" said Dan the Devil, laconically.

"It's no go," was the answer.

"No go?"

"No; those fellows are as poor as a starved wolf; they haven't a rap."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! I've heard every word they've said this blessed night. They're going away; going to beg their way back to the old country. Gaveston's heir to a fortune or something and they're off."

"Then Bill Barker lied like the devil," Dan said, angrily. "He said they had a thousand or more, for he'd seen it."

"Lie he did if he said so: men don't talk as I heard them to-night when they've any money. I tell you they've barely enough to take them to Victoria, if they go that way."

"They may keep it, then, for me," said Dan, and with a fierce oath he took himself to the lair he called his bed.

Strangely enough Limping Jack's story was corroborated by others the next day; Alfred Bennett, knowing well the lawless character of the idlers about the neighborhood, took care to spread a report of their poverty, and he managed it so skilfully that it was thoroughly believed that they had no more than would carry them a very short way on their route. All this favored Limping Jack's plans, and he secretly made preparations for departure.

Ralph Gaveston and his companion little dreamed that, night after night, when they sat together planning and preparing for the homeward journey, every word was heard and every action watched by ears and eyes as wakeful and greedy as those of a wolf. Their preparations occupied several days, during which Gaveston was conscious of a change coming over Bennett. He took more care of his outward appearance, cleaned and strove to repair his clothes and had his hair cut and trimmed by a digger, who combined hair-dressing with the principal object of his life, and made it pay even better than eternally rocking the cradle of the capricious offspring of the rocks.

"Why, you're getting quite a dandy," said Gaveston to him, after he had come from the hands of this worthy, with his hair dressed in the latest Yale fashion. "What on earth are you titivating up like that for?"

"I'm going into civilized society, my boy, and I'm studying for the part of a gentleman. Don't you think I look it?"

"You look deucedly like my father, Bennett; I've often fancied a resemblance before, but now, with a Christian-like head of hair, it is stronger than ever. You might be a Gaveston, with that face and head."

"May be I am," replied Bennett, with a laugh. "The fact is, I haven't the remotest idea to whom I owe the blessing of my existence. I remember my mother. Bah! I can't bear even to think of what sin and sorrow had made her; but of my father I know nothing. I suppose it was—

> 'The old, old story—a promise, a love and a lie,'

that brings so many women to destruction, and was the ruin of her."

The likeness between the two men may have arisen from the fact of their similarity of habits, costume, &c., and now that the more careless of the two had trimmed himself up a little, it was very perceptible. Still Ralph Gaveston had a look and bearing peculiarly his own, which stamped him at once as being of gentle blood, and an almost womanish delicacy of feature in spite of the rough life he had led for so many years.

Limping Jack let no movement of theirs pass unnoticed; by dint of careful watching he learned which of them would carry the treasure, the way they would take, their stopping places—in fact, as much as they themselves could tell.

When their preparations were completed he was ready, too; and when they walked into Yale to say good-by to such of the inhabitants as they knew, he was among the foremost with his adieux and good wishes.

Ralph Gaveston felt somewhat sad at thus leaving forever a spot with which he had already some pleasant associations, but Alfred Bennett seemed to have no feeling in the matter.

"All places are alike to me, my boy," he said. "I daresay when I get to the old country I shan't care one whit more about it than I do about yonder rough and ready place."

"Come on, Wolf: hi for England, old fellow!"

Their first resting place was to be at a spot with a singularly ill omened name. It was called Dead Man's Gully, and the first English explorers of the country were said to have found a dead Indian there, with his arms and accoutrements beside him, evidently strayed to death in the inhospitable and apparently impassable region.

Dead Man's Gully was not a desert, even a few years

tlers lived there and more were coming. Gold was found near it, and a tributary of the Fraser river ran directly through it. Beautifully situated as Yale is, this spot is still more so, and with one or two settlers here Ralph Gaveston and his friend were slightly acquainted.

Towards this place, about twelve miles from the town, they bent their steps on the afternoon of a fine July day, timing their departure so as to arrive at the gully by night. Both were armed—a very necessary precaution in that wild country—they had a small stock of provisions with them, in case of being benighted in the forest.

Wolf followed sedately at their heels, attaching himself more closely to Ralph Gaveston than the other, and every now and then raising his shaggy head to lick the hand within his reach. But Wolf was not quite easy in his mind, though both his masters were with him. He kept snuffing and turning back every now and then, as though he scented mischief.

"Hi, Wolf! hi, old boy!" his master called after him on one of these occasions; "I think there's somebody behind us, Bennett."

"Not likely," Alfred Bennett replied; "they don't fancy us worth the following down yonder. If they did I wouldn't trust them."

He was mistaken. They were followed as closely and surely as an Indian follows a trail by Limping Jack, who stopped when they stopped, and went on when they started again, as silently as a shadow. Lucky for him that they did not start the dog back, or he would surely have been found out. And so the day wore on and the sun dipped behind the beautiful Cascade Mountains, and darkness fell suddenly, as it does in those regions. Still the friends pressed forward; they knew the road, but Limping Jack was hard pressed to follow them; one or two obstacles hindered him a good deal, and he lost ground considerably. Still he pushed on and persevered, and fancied he was gaining on them a little, as indeed he was, when he was startled by hearing the noise of a dog whining in unmistakable distress. "That's Wolf's voice," he muttered; "something has happened to them."

The moon had risen clear and full by this time, and was pouring down a flood of radiant light on tree and mountain; not far from where he paused anxiously to listen, the forest opened out into a little glade, a lonely bit of nature's handiwork, all gleaming with flowers and flecked with the shadows of the lofty trees under which he crouched to listen. No sound was to be heard but the wailing of the dog, which he could see pawing and scratching at some object on the ground under the shade of the opposite trees. No one was in sight—no sound of human foot disturbed the stillness, and cautiously and silently he moved a few paces forward. The dog caught sight of him and uttered a low, ominous growl, but presently came and fawned upon him with short, distressed cries, as though imploring him to come and help whoever or whatever lay there.

Limping Jack hesitated a moment, and then—seriously stronger than fear of detection—he went forward.

A man lay on the grass at the foot of the trees dead, and fast stiffening into the last marble calm of perishable humanity; the turf around was stained with blood, which lay here and there in hideous pools; and the dead form was fearfully mutilated.

The face was literally beaten in; not a recognisable feature remained of the countenance which had so lately beamed with life and health. The man who looked on this terrible sight shivered with cold horror; he had seen many fearful things during his lawless life, but this was the first time he had come face to face with cold blooded murder.

That the man was one of those whose steps he had dogged so persistently he knew at a glance; but which? They were so similar in dress and complexion that it was almost impossible to tell; and he looked in vain for some distinguishing mark. At length, overcoming his horror, he knelt down by the body, and under the light of the brilliant moon examined the dress and accoutrements.

A little bag of gold dust he appropriated—robbery had been the object, the thieves had missed it; the pistols were undischarged, the knife in its place. The latter he knew well he had often seen in the hand of "Lucky Taff"—nay, only a few days before, had borrowed it. On a wallet slung across the shoulder was the name in a firm, legible handwriting:—

"ALFRED BENNETT."

"Lucky Taff, by the Lord!" he exclaimed rising, and never heeding the blood which stained his hands and clothes. "Murdered, and Wolf here! Then where's the gentleman?"

Once more he stooped over the body, as though to seek for further information there. In a few moments he rose, with an exclamation of unbounded astonishment, and something of glee mixed with it.

"I'm a made man," he said. "The thousand pounds I *meant* to have was nothing to this. Lucky Taff lying here dead, and 'the gentleman' alive and gone to England. I'll go to the old country too, if I have to beg my way there; and if I find Mr. Ralph Gaveston there—and I foresee I shall—I'll ask him to help me to a living, and I think he will—I think he will!"

TO BE CONTINUED

S. A. on Sheep.

BY A BOY.

A sheep is about as big as a dog, though they are better than dogs, 'cause dogs kill sheep, but sheep don't kill dogs, except once when a man wanted to break his dog of sheep killing, and so held him and let an old sheep butt him till he broke his bones into little fine pieces about as big as a piece of tooth; and so that was the way that dog was broke, and I guess he wished he had learned some other business besides butchering—don't you? There are mostly two kinds of sheep—ewes and rams. The rams have a few horns. There are principally several kinds of rams also. There is the battering ram that they had in the old time to knock on the gates of cities when they wanted to come in. Then there's the ram that they ram guns with (I wish I had a gun), and the hydraulic ram they ram up water with. Sometimes when they wanted to knock down folks' walls in the Bible they didn't have whole rams enough to batter them down, and they had to take rams' horns and blow them down. That they did with the walls of Jerry Coe. There is two kinds of sheep, the South Down, that they have down South, and the Merino, which is the Spanish for marine, 'cause they come over the sea. They keep the sheep for their mutton, which is good when they cannot get turkey, though generally they jump out and run away, so that they can't keep them. The way to make them jump is to tie old barrel staves to their legs for fetters. The fetters scare them and they jump to get away from 'em. Sheep are troubled with wool growing all over them, and so in the hot weather they cut it off to keep them cool. I suppose they would have to cut it off at any rate to get at the mutton. They spin up the wool into stockings upon Lamb's knitting machine, though sometimes the grandmothers knit them with needles, which I think is the best way, because it keeps them quiet, and they won't bother us boys so much. When sheep jump and run, one always follows the rest. I mean the rest always follow one. If the leader should jump through a keyhole, or over the moon, the rest would all follow, which I think is very bright in the sheep and in other folks who always follow the leader; of course the leader is always right. Lambs are kept for their innocence, which I should not think would pay, though they gambol all the time, which isn't so innocent neither, though I suppose they are the black-leg lambs. I forgot to mention that there is a kind of sheep called goats, which, when you put up nights, have to be kept separate from the real sheep—the sheep on the right and the goats on the left. I don't know as I know any more about sheep, though cousin Dud does, 'cause he keeps sheep, and he's got 'em so they'll jump first rate, too.

THE BITER BIT.—A publican having objected to the appearance of a half sovereign tendered him by a customer, crushed it between his teeth, and rejected it as spurious. The customer stated that he had frequently seen a threepenny bit, and a fourpenny bit, but was quite unprepared to see a half sovereign bit; and having proved that the coin was good, invoked the aid of a policeman, who decided the biter, for his bit of biting, should pay the bitter penalty of retaining the bitter bit of money, hand over a half crown to the complainant, and bridle his propensities in future for chawing up her Majesty's likeness.

OUT OF OFFICE.—A boy, whose general appearance betokened the want of a father's care, being asked what his father followed for a living, impudently replied: "He is an office-seeker by trade, but he don't work at it any more, since he was cut down."

CAUTION.—"See here, mother, you've been married seven summers, who was your first husband?" "Why, you don't take that dog away, I'll warrant you," sagely replied the old lady.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1868.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Subscription to the New York Clipper.			
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NOTICE.

Advertisers must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

E. J. M., Southport.—1. William Fleming was a paymaster in the army, and was stationed in Louisville. 2. Yankee Hill died at Saratoga in Sept., 1840. 3. Lover came to this country in 1848. 4. Knowles was the Master Walter; Charles Kemble, Thomas Clifford, and Fanny Kemble, Julia. 5. Charles Parsloe, the dramatic agent, was formerly an actor and a most excellent pantomimist

Subscriber, Geneva,—We cannot give you Dexter's best time in private, as nothing authoritative or reliable can be ascertained. The statement published a few weeks ago that he had been timed one mile in 2:14, on the Fashion Course, L. I., was subsequently contradicted by the timer on that occasion, Mr. William Turnbull, who declares that he timed him one mile, from stand to stand, in 2:18¼.

Base Ball, St. Louis.—1. Do the late matches between the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and Atlantics, of Brooklyn, count for the championship of the U. S.? 2. Can the Atlantics play the Athletics again? 3. Whom do you consider the best general player in the U. S.? 4. The best second baseman?".....1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. Wright is so considered by many. 4. Reach is thought to be the best.

J. R.—A bets B $100, previous to the Convention meeting, that Murphy beats Hoffman for the nomination for governor. No proviso was made at the time of making the bet. A refuses to pay on account of Murphy declining the nomination before the Convention went into ballot. Who wins?".....A is right; he has not lost the bet, which is a draw.

W. H., Fort Stevenson, D. T.—1. A is entitled to four for the sequence. 2. In throwing high dice, three aces only count their face, 3; if raffles they beat 17. 3. B cannot play an ace on two deuces and call fives. 4. It is about eight miles from City Hall to Harlem. 5. Five dollars a day at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. 6. In case of a tie the non-dealer claims game.

B. C. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Weston is accredited with having walked one hundred miles in 23 hours and 58 minutes, starting from Walnut Creek, 10 miles west of Erie, Pa., on April 3d, at 5 o'clock P. M., and arriving at the post office in Buffalo, N. Y., at 4.58 P. M. on the following day. It was published in the Clipper at the time.

A. McF., Granada, Miss.—1. O'Baldwin defeated Marsden in 11 rounds, 16 minutes. 2. He was never champion. 3. Wormald beat Marsden in 18 rounds, 37 minutes. 4. Copies of those of Coburn, O'Baldwin, Wormald, Jem Ward and a few others can be had by addressing in care of this office.

Bravo, Williamsburgh.—"1. How long have the Atlantics occupied the Union grounds? 2. How many games did the Union B. B. Club, of Morrisania, play with them when they won the championship last season?".....1. This is the second season. 2. Two games.

White Hat, St. Louis.—"Two days after the day appointed for the McCoole-Coburn fight, I made a bet that McCoole would not get the stakes, $10,000, *without a fight.* Do I win?".....Yes.

G. McK., Boston, Mass.—1. Morrissey beat Heenan at Long Point Island, Canada, 11 rounds, 21 minutes, October 20, 1858. 2. Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, England, April 17, 1860. 3. Rather mixed, ain't you?

D. A. S.—1. General McClellan's resignation dates from Nov. 8th, 1864, but we understand that it was tendered a day or two prior. 2. We do not make any charge for answering questions.

D. S. S., Amboy.—1. Write to Thompson and Riggs, 189 Bowery, this city. 2. It is a laughable twenty minute burlesque. 3. It depends upon the way it is put upon the stage and acted for success.

J'ai Bonne Cause, Baltimore, Md.—1. He has no middle name that we are aware of. 2. No. 3. You can obtain cabinet sized photographs of Hon. John Morrissey by applying to Fredericks & Co., 575 Broadway, this city; price $5.

Frank, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Dominick Bradley fought Hugh Sloan and Sam Rankin, winning both times. 2. Ed Wilson is no Spaniard. 3. No.

Peter.—1. Mme. Laborde came to America in 1848—Jenny Lind came in 1851. 2. Gabriel Ravel is the oldest of the family.

Subscriber, Cincinnati.—They have a house here, but as we have no personal acquaintance with them, we cannot speak as to their reliability.

G. H. S., Watertown, N. Y.—1. B scores the point for Jack, notwithstanding the cards were bunched. 2. A counts one point for low.

W. M., East Boston.—He is at present traveling in the West, and a letter will reach him within two weeks, if sent to our care.

A., Vincennes.—In what capacity do you mean? As advertiser, Charley Castle; manager, Harry Whitbeck, and performer, James Robinson.

Brooklyn.—1. Tom Dorr was never champion of America. 2 Tom Sayers was never beaten except by Nat Langham. His fight with Heenan was a draw.

J. J. McC., New Ohio.—There have been several panoramas of the war painted, so we cannot inform you where it is. There are two traveling in the far west.

Major, Fort Monroe, Va.—1. No. 2. Kleinfelder or Fisler. 3. Yes; he counts 2 for the pair, 6 for the pair royal and 12 for the double pair royal.

A Reader.—1. General McClellan's resignation dates from November 8th, 1864. It was tendered prior to the Presidential election. 2. Only once.

Snow Shoe, Providence, R. I.—The fastest running time, one mile, in England, is 4:17¾, by Lang and Richards, in a dead heat.

S. Y. S. R.—1. The National Convention of Base Ball Players will meet in Washington next December. 2. Write to C. H. Rogers, 66 South street, New York.

Clipper Reader, Pittsburgh.—You lose the bet. It is your own fault not to see that the string was perfect, and not your opponent's.

Mohawk and Eagle.—According to the rules the Eagle Club forfeits the ball, and you have a right to letter it—Mohawk, 9; Eagle, 0.

Subscriber, Philadelphia.—The second nine of the Eckfords defeated the second nine of the Athletics, of Philadelphia, in 1866, we believe.

Fourth Ward.—1. A player can strike left handed and right handed at the same time, if such a feat were possible. 2 The run counts.

M. D. Bloomington, Ill.—You lose; the Atlantics will virtually be champions it they defeat the Unions another game before any other club defeats them in two games out of three.

B. M. H., Reading.—Write to Dr. Pilgrim, Brooklyn, L. I., who will give you every information on the subject.

F. S. B., Chicago.—The match between the clubs having resulted in a tie, the bet is a draw.

T. A, Baltimore.—Dexter's fastest time was made at Buffalo in September of last year.

Constant Reader.—You had better remain at your present business.

E. L. S.—It will be time enough to arrange the affair when your friend arrives.

W. H. C., Wasnington.—We do not know the lady's maiden name.

Freddie, Skowhegan.—You had better give up the idea until you are older.

Agea.—All right.

H. L., Chattanooga, Tenn.—1. Toss for choice. 2. We think they stand the best chance.

Agate, Rochester.—Brief notices are most desirable, but when occasion requires it, details and comments may be given.

J. R., Callao Peru.—He is at present engaged at Deagle's Varieties, St. Louis.

Felix.—1. She has been on the stage since she was eight years of age. 2. Will be 21 in November.

J. R., Washington, D. C.—The ring in which Mace and Goss last fought was sixteen feet square.

Suzette, Boston.—We do not charge for answering correspondents.

Fat, Fair and Forty, Holly Springs.—We are unable to enlighten you upon the origin of those phrases.

West Farms.—From fifteen to twenty-five dollars each per week.

Dry Dock.—The most money Abe Hicken ever fought for was £50 a side, and has fought for as low as a "fiver" a side.

A. G. W. Wyanet.—A loses; five aces beat four aces and a six at poker dice.

Bloomington.—The fastest authenticated mile time ever made in this country was by Mammona and by Revolver, 1:44½.

Boston.—B is entitled to a sight for the money he has down, and which is all he has.

R. and B., Edwardsville.—Being declared a draw, R gets back his $100 and B his $50.

J. D.—Gladiateur ran 1 mile and 17 yards in 1 minute and 39 seconds, at Newmarket, Eng., in May, 1865.

W. W. W.—"All that Glitters is not Gold" can be had of French, 122 Nassau street.

F. B., Boston.—From forty to seventy-five dollars a week, according to the city in which he is engaged.

J. B. E., Brookline.—Yours dated 12th, but post-marked 14th, reached us too late to be of service.

A. G. D., Philadelphia.—We have no record of the passages of the Galway line.

Pitch, Philadelphia.—We should prefer the ace and seven of clubs.

George, Pottsville.—She is at present at her home in Baltimore, Md.

Philip, New York.—George Wright is probably the best.

Norval, St. John, N. B.—Thanks for your items.

Onyx.—Items of interest will be acceptable.

A. T.—McBride is probably the best.

D. B., St. Paul.—He is at the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

W. H. P., Volcano, W. Va—It was not Wormald.

P. J. M.—The population at last census was only 11,000.

Four Years, Columbus.—You can get it only from Cal.

E. V. L., Empire City, Col. Fer.—Yes, for Morrissey.

W. M., Grid eport, Ill.—Not upon record.

A. B. H., Petrolia.—Perfectly correct; the time is 1:39.

G. N. W., Biddeford, Me.—His majority would be 2,000.

T. D., Alton.—There is no good picture in the market.

E. S., Philadelphia.—Thank you. Items will be acceptable.

W. H. B., Pittsburgh.—We do not issue certificates.

C. B.—Do you mean single or double scull boats?

Base Ball in Philadelphia.—By Telegraph to the New York Clipper.—Philadelphia, Sept. 21st.—In the game to-day between the Athletics and Mutuals, the latter were badly beaten Score 51 to 24. The contest was long and tedious. The last innings was played in the dark, the Athletics scoring 15 runs.

For Lovers' Use.—Perfumed ink is among the latest things out. It certainly is a great temptation to *correspond*. This only *corresponds* with divers other fanciful contrivances by which are ink-ulcated many fanciful ideas in the minds of the young, who, in this as in everything else, are always progressing, never *stationary*.

Presentation.—James Carroll, for nearly thirty years a member of the Wecacoe Engine Company, of Philadelphia, was presented, on the 17th inst., with a fireman's cap, belt, coat, and gold fire badge, by the members of that company. It was a well deserved testimonial.

Slight Reduction.—It is pleasant to hear, in these tight times, when railroad corporations charge their patrons full tariff, that some of the fashionable hotels have put their guests at *half-fare!*

Political.—We understand that our two Presidential candidates are so willing to court the working men, that each intends to become a *Cabinet maker if elected.*

Gunboxing can never be made a solemn people, for they are start, Blake and Deeley taking the lead by a few feet. Van Raden and Silken kept close to them, however, and the race was a close one and the boats well together while they were in sight. The Walton maintained her advantage to the upper stake-boat and over the homestretch, coming in winner by a few seconds in 28:00. The winning boat was rowed very handsomely, her crew rowing very evenly together. The Columbia was also rowed in good style, but in a manner evincing a lack of practice together, in consequence of which their power was frittered away instead of being placed on their boat.

The single scull race was postponed, but later in the day two lads of about seventeen years of age pulled over the course in working boats, for a prize of a gold pin. The contestants were Daniel Ward and James Ten Eyck. When they reached the upper stake-boat, which they did close together, Ward's boat was so full of water as to oblige him to stop and bail her out. Ten Eyck came home a winner, but with his boat also nearly filled. While this race was in progress the "white caps" were all over the river, and the water was hardly fit to row in with safety.

The prizes for the double scull race were two handsome gold badges, costing $25 each, manufactured by Messrs. Squire & Lander. Upon each was the following inscription:—"Presented by Joshua Ward, Cornwall Landing, N. Y., September 16th, 1868." Judges in the starting boat, Henry G. Hasbagen and P. Lynch. In upper stake-boat, Thomas Hunter and W. A. Knapp. Referee, Charles A. Peverelley.

THE LITERARY DECLINE IN THE DRAMA.

When we come to compare, in a literary point of view, the present acting drama with that of the earlier portion of this very century, we cannot fail to be astounded at the marked decline in composition which our existing dramatic taste has been seemingly tutored to tolerate. Flimsy and crude as were the writings of Colman the Younger, of Merton, of O'Hara, of O'Keefe and other dramatic authors of the past generation, yet to a well trained mind their productions must be accepted as master-pieces, both as regards ingenuity and language, when criticised by the side of pieces holding present possession of our stage. It is true that Douglas Jerrold, Howard Payne and a few others have of recent years made spasmodic attempts to revive an interest in the elder style of composition, yet, artistic as have been their writings, they failed to meet the requirements of popular taste, and consequently have been shelved to make way for the school of Mark Lemon and Boucicault. How can we account for this change?

Tragedy can never be rendered popular with the general mass of theatrical auditors in these railway times, for our actual every-day life presents a succession of catastrophes, of heinousness in criminality, of outbursts of unbridled passions, which far exceed the most fervent inventions of even the classical ancient poets. Our chronicles of crime give us annually the details of tragedies, which, if clothed in suitable language, would harrow the soul more keenly and vividly than the mere philosophical and systematic creations of classic art. Moreover, people now-a-days have sorrows enough of their own without desiring to borrow any from the imagination, and hence Tragedy has taken her leave of the stage to make room for the more pleasing emanations of the disciples of Momus, for we visit the theatre mainly with the view of amusement, leaving instruction to be communicated to us through more methodical channels.

If we find solace in tragic representations at all, enjoyment is derived almost wholly from contemplation of the individual assuming characters already familiar to us through efforts of prior tragedians. It is the living actor and not the dead play constituting the theatrical charm, and he wisely prefers unlimited repetition of time honored, standard dramatic pieces, to incurring the risk of creating new parts, which are necessarily free from traditional interpretation. Our tragic drama, viewed critically, has not improved since the inauguration of the English language, inasmuch as those poets who ventured to follow in the footsteps of Shakespeare have failed lamentably, and consequently in that one author is embraced almost the entire range of a tragedian's aspirations. Were Mr. Booth or Mr. Forrest, individually the most popular of living tragic artists, to venture upon the experiment of reviving some old tragedy, they would not succeed in awakening general interest in the piece save for the moment, and then only with a few book worms who emerge from the closet to witness the actual representation of an admired poem and then retire possibly disgusted at the reality not coming up to the ideal of their individual creation.

Comedy is the only channel offered for a perpetuation of dramatic authorship, and even in this branch of the standard drama we have most sadly deteriorated. We do not speak of poetic comedies, for their day has passed long since, but of prose compositions—reflexes of our social condition, in the language of every-day speech and according to the manners of our times, embellished, it is true, and heightened by ingenious combination of incidents. The literature of comedy has shared a similar fate with that of tragedy; for later days have not produced, with the exception of Sheridan, any author who can compete in humor, wit or ingenuity with Congreve, Wycherly or Farquhar—nay, we can go even further, and assert that comedy, as a vehicle for artistic composition, died with Mrs. Centlivre and her contemporaries, for that which we now designate as comedy is in reality but elongated farce, wire-drawn and slightly bereft of that extravagance allowable to the lower order of the minor dramas. Take, for example, "London Assurance"—certainly a fair type of modern comedy—and what have we? A succession of traditional stage characters, placed in situations created solely for stage effect, and each prominent one drawn from antecedent farces. For instance, Meddle is but a second edition of Endless, washed from O'Keefe's exuberant drollery; Dazzle, but a revamped Dick Dashall, modernized and deprived of the original's genial humor; and so on to the full end of the cast. Nevertheless, with all the licence extended to it by critical courtesy, our fashionable comedy is far from popular, while, as to stability, it is the most perishable of commodities.

The fact is that our present stage plays, being borrowed from the deteriorated fashion of London, which is fed almost wholly upon distortions of French compositions, even if pretending to be original in language, fail to create an impression, inasmuch as their tone and tendencies are foreign to our social character. Eight-tenths of the plays produced on the London stage, although announced as original creations, are in actual fact adaptations from Parisian dramas; and, in making his adaptation, the author takes the measure of one or two prominent actors, whom he, tailor like, clothes in borrowed finery, to the prejudice of consistency and rationality. Again, this piece, Anglicised and localized, travels to our boards, rehashed, revamped, redistorted, so that but faint traces of its original merit are to be distinguished, and we are called upon to admire a literary abortion and to tolerate its occupancy of the stage, although having no sympathy with it and others of its class, simply because it displays to advantage the mannerism of some particular actor or actress. In consequence of this vitiation of critical taste, of this usurpation of the stage for individual purposes, dramatic authorship has been deprived of its artistic merits and degraded to a mere trade, worse than that of tinkering and tailoring, so that the actor, forgetting that he exists, a mere exponent of ideas, claims precedence over the author, who is presumed to be the creator of the ideas put forth.

The opera presents a marked advantage over the stage in the predominance of the composer over the singer, who has to be trained up to a competent musical knowledge before he can venture upon execution of the melodies of a popular opera, which has not been created for a special person, or collection of persons, but for the world at large. Thus left untrammeled the composer, like the dramatist of old, works with a hearty good will to earn reputation without soiling his fame by adjusting himself to weak and incompetent intellects hanging like shackles upon the flight of his genius. Doubtlessly, in course of time, the opera, which has supplanted the drama in the leading capitals of Europe, will be compelled to sacrifice its dignity to the requirements of vocalists, some of whom have already shown a disposition to demand the adaptation of orchestral scores to the compass of their ability.

We firmly believe that managers err greatly in their estimate of popular taste, and by continuing their dependence upon the English dramatists for dramatic material injure themselves as well as the literature of our country. A tolerably written American comedy has never failed to prove a paying investment, and consequently we cannot perceive the expediency of relying upon foreign authors, who neither comprehend our manners nor inclinations, when a greater amount of available talent can be reached at home. The truth is that the managers neglect to offer suitable compensation for home-made work, and over-estimate the value of individuals as compared with that of dramatic matter. In Paris hands me sums are paid to dramatic authors, and consequently the announcement of a new piece is a sensation in the theatrical world. With us the rarity of playwrights is occasioned by the pitiful sums doled out to the authors of plays, where success is generally dependent upon accident rather than intrinsic merits. No people in the world are more devoted to comic entertainments than our own, but they demand a chastity and delicacy in their mirth which is not supplied by our existing drama, which has been created for another and far different class of auditors.

THE VELOCIPEDE MANIA.

New inventions multiply so rapidly that we are kept in a continual state of astonishment by the wonders every day is revealing. The wants of man are so numerous that a large class of persons known as inventors are constantly racking their brains for novelties. Nothing is so impossible at the first suggestion but that some genius will start up who will upset all pre-conceived notions upon the subject and confute all established theories by a piece of mechanism so simple that everybody wonders he had not thought of it before, while dozens will be heard to say:—"O, that's an old idea of mine—I thought of it long ago!" To the present already innumerable list of marvels must now be added the improved velocipede, which is intended to travel at the rate of a mile in two minutes, according to a sanguine contemporary, although the only motive power is muscle. The revolution which may be wrought by this contrivance is inconceivable. The useful cars and omnibuses will be altogether superseded by this invention, and in a short time we may expect to see the streets and sidewalks covered in their stead with multitudes of gentlemen cheerfully turning the crank on their way to the haunts of business or pleasure—a trifold combination of ornament, use and recreation. With a slight alteration of attire ladies may adopt this mode of propulsion, being thereby afforded a better opportunity of displaying symmetry of limb and grace of motion. Enamored swains will walk up to the doors of favored fair ones with a velocipede on each arm, with an invitation to "take a twirl," instead of a promenade. Collectors and messengers will be seen hurrying excitedly from one point to another, and policemen, in pursuit of fugitive rogues, will dart hither and thither like shooting stars and comets. The cavalry battalions will be reorganized and furnished with the new motor, as velocipedes do not eat and have no need of the veterinary surgeon. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will have to shut up shop. The reporters may have a new class of accidents to chronicle, as it may be anticipated that collisions will be frequent. We may imagine the race courses devoted to contests of this description, with hundreds of excited gentlemen flying over the ground in their shirt sleeves, perhaps beating each other over the head with their whip handles, instead of their horses. We can draw a fancy picture of the last racer, reduced to a simple bag of bones, with not as much in him as many a trunk which the skins of his comrades have been used to cover, surveying the scene of his former triumphs over the fence—a melancholy wreck, sans teeth, sans taste, sans energy, sans everything. Finally, horses will be obsolete as beasts of locomotion, and will be raised only as the material for soups and steaks and hashes—a purpose to which, French savans aver us, they are admirably adapted. All this, pro vided the unfavorable accomplishes what is now claimed for it.

RETURN OF THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

The familiar rattle of coals upon the pavement and the exhibition of furs and peltries in the windows of the merchants would of themselves suffice to warn us of the approach of winter, even were it not for the reappearance on the thoroughfares and in the public places of those *beatiores* whom we fancy to have been enjoying themselves to the utmost at Long Branch and Newport, where in reality they were dying of *ennui* and at their wit's end for some mode of passing their time, which it is known, for those classes, the watering places do not furnish. The city is your true place for enjoyment, for here one can summon at his will every pleasure which the seasons afford in their turn. Better than all, his nerves are properly braced by a healthy condition of the atmosphere to enjoy them. The pale and faded looks of the Flora Matildas and Charles Augustuses who fancied the fashionable world could not survive without them, will shortly disappear with the langour which had for so many weeks overpowered them, and they will find that after all, there is something to live for, those young old men who are "used up" before they have passed their nonage. On one of these chilly evening we sauntered by a house the curtains of which have been drawn for months—an abode from which the light and life had departed. What a transformation! A ruddy reflection from within illuminated once more the crimson hangings, and from the revivified drawing rooms proceed the sounds of violin and piano, while shadows dance and flit across the transparent window-shades. On every side we hear the sounds of colliding billiard balls, betokening where the knights of the cue are pushing their triumphs. The roads again are merry with whirring wheels and the clatter of horses' hoofs, and fairy figures on horseback are flitting about the winding levels of the great Central. Liveries are once more seen, and the "flunkey" element begins to emerge from the cloud which concealed it. The growing wealth of the city is evident from the great increase of adults in the John Thomas family. It is but a short time since we were assured by a periodical essayist that the genuine American has very little of the "horsey" in his composition. The eyes of that philosophical investigator would be opened if he could persuade himself to take a glance at the Park on one of these fine afternoons. The authority alluded to was slightly in error also when he hazarded the assertion that if an American bets it would more likely be on the "jumping frog" than on the qualities of a racing favorite. It is possible that the numbers of young men of leisure who can spend fortunes on the turf is as yet comparatively limited, but the sport is therefore not the less popular. The vocal and musical fraternities are flocking back to their posts to be in readiness for an active season, and Vanity Fair is boiling over with expectation. More popular amusements have temporarily shelved the lyric queens of legitimate opera, but Kellogg, the charming and accomplished, has come back to us from the foreign conservatories, and, altogether, the prospect is for a brisk and brilliant season.

Down Among the Dead Men.—The latest sensation is that of a man permitting himself to be buried alive, and then, after the lapse of several hours, coming to the top all right and in good condition. An exhibition of this sort took place here on the 12th inst. It appears that a German has invented and matured a plan by which premature interments may be robbed of their fearful consequences. This invention consists of a patent coffin, in which the supposed defunct is placed before burial, when, should the late lamented think better of it, and wish to come back, he can make his way to the surface with little difficulty. This premature interment business is a matter for grave consideration, as a considerable number of people are supposed to have been placed, ere their career was over, under the cold sod. The thought of returning to consciousness in the dark prison house of the tomb causes one's blood to run cold, and we warmly welcome any suggestion that promises a way of escape from the terrors of a living grave. Though a skeptical friend at our elbow suggests that the German's invention is only a huge plant, we are told that the latter has succeeded in his undertaking, though the undertakers may be in a flurry in consequence, because it is feared the new invention may be the means of lowering the old style coffin.

Didn't Like It.—As we have all along predicted, the speculation of paying English cricketers to come here to defeat English cricketers, is not likely to pay, the attendance during their three days' play at Hudson last week being greatly below the expectations of those interested, a very slim company witnessing the play on the last day. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of the three days' exhibition was that of the "Eating Professor" at the lunch table. He enjoyed a long inning at his favorite game each day, and was "not out" when the stumps were drawn. "Our Jim" says this is a *wicket* joke.

Five Indians are said to be at Emory and Henry College, Virginia. They belong to the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes. Some of them are said to be promising young men and speak the English language fluently. We see nothing to hinder these Indian youths from being *well-red men.* As some of them are *promising* young men, we hope their *performances* will be fully up to their promises.

About a Shower.—Recently, out west, a shower of *ants* fell upon the streets, the sidewalks being nearly covered with them. This must have been *antagonistic* to the views of the residents, for most people have a decided *antipathy* to anything in the *insect* line. We do not know whether they were *in-sects* or not, but there certainly was a big *party* of them.

How's That?—Eleven imported cricketers played a match with twenty-two English resident cricketers during the past week, the latter sustaining an ignominious defeat. Each of the eleven is to receive a certain sum for coming here, so hereafter should any of them exhibit a good display at the bat or in the field, the exclamation will be, not "well played," but *well paid.*

Sad Spectacle.—Hon. Mr. Bliss, of St. Joseph, Mo., had his *spectacle glass* driven into his *eye* recently by the outburst of the cork of an ale bottle. Thus we see how often our calculations are spoiled. Bliss had no *eye-dea* of getting his *spectacle glass* in his *eye*, but had a glass of another kind in his eye. The eye itself must have been a *spectacle* after the accident.

"They Say" that Brigham Young has just married his seventieth wife. For a *Young* man this is not bad. We have read of *Lot's wife*, but never of a man with such *lots of wives.*

Sporting Squibs.

— The inhabitants of two villages in Italy, having been on bad terms for some time, recently delegated ten champions each to fight the matter out, who went well armed with pistols and knives. Before the police could separate them several were killed, one man having twenty-seven knife wounds.

— An unfeline cat gained entrance to an aviary a few days ago and ate fifteen birds.

— Prospect Park Fair Grounds race track, in Brooklyn, has been completed, and there is a prospect of some early racing.

— Lady Thorn, the famous trotter, was sold to Mr. Welsh of Philadelphia, on the 17th inst. The price paid is said to be $17,500.

— H. M. Beckley, of Fincastle, Botetourt Co., Va., committed suicide on the 16th inst., in Baltimore, by taking morphine. He had lost $1,000 at faro.

— A perfectly white magpie was recently shot near Liege, Belgium.

— In Paris, the restaurant proprietors have agreed to sell oysters hereafter at the rate of 22 cents per dozen.

— Edward Cooper, brother to Tom, was thrown from a "fill" at Halesowen, Eng., on August 25th, and fractured his skull, from the effects of which he died on Sept. 4th.

— A novel way of advertising a horse trot was tried in Philadelphia on the 16th: six hors s drawing a number of musicians and an omnibus; on the latter was inscribed:—"Lady Thorn and Mountain Boy trot at the Park this afternoon." It was a free blow.

— The bark R. G. W. Dodge sailed from the Delaware Breakwater on the 15th inst, and arrived at Charleston after a quick passage of sixty five hours.

— At the rifle contest to be held in Brussels the King of Belgium gives a prize of £150 or $750 to be shot for by British competitors.

— Ireland is to have a Cork Derby in imitation of the Epsom Derby. The course will be at Mallow.

— The trotting horse, John Stewart, is to attempt the feat this week of trotting twenty miles in one hour on the Fashion Course, L. I.

— A bear weighing 450lbs. was killed in North Sandwich, N. H., last week.

— Kit Burns has rented his rat pit, at 273 Water street, to the "Wickedist Revivalists," who pay him $175 per month for the use of the pit for daily prayer meetings. The bargain was ratified on the 19th.

— Bears are unusually plenty this season in Wisconsin. One recently coolly looked into the window of the family of Mr. Thomas, in Duport. Mr. T. went for him, but Mister Bear gave him the slip.

— The season for quails and prairie chickens has commenced in Illinois and Indiana. Great popping going on in consequence.

— A ladies' shooting match came off a few days since at Amelia Springs, Virginia—first prize, an iced cake; for the worst shot, a doll baby. The competition was quite lively.

Skittle Match for Fifty Do. lars.—L. Sidney and Tom Carey, two crack players of London, Eng., played a game of skittles, run up eleven chalks, for twenty-five dollars a side, at King's, West 41st street, on the evening of Saturday, the 19th inst., which was won by Sidney by three chalks. Immediately on the conclusion of the game another game was played for ten dollars a side, Sidney giving Carey two chalks, which was also won by Sidney by three chalks. The run up game is not Carey's forte, he being used to the stand fair, and he made various propositions to play this game but Sidney declined. Carey now offers to play any man in the country, at King's, stand fair, for from fifty dol ars upward.

Shuffle Playing and Euchre Match.—Robert Roberts, of Ninth Avenue and Forty-Seventh street and Abe Remshart, of Philadelphia, have put up forfeit to play a match at shuffles, 31 points, for twenty-five dollars a side, to take place at King's, 343 West Forty-First street, on Thursday evening, the 24th inst., at 9 P. M. The same men are also matched to play a game at Euchre, 25 points, for same amount, to eventuate at Roberts', on Ninth Avenue, on the Thursday following.

At the Running match on the Rensselaer Park, Troy, N. Y., on the 17th inst., three Indians—Deerfoot, Flestwing and Stevens—were the only competitors. The first race, of one mile, was won by Stevens in 5:06. The second race, of five miles, was won by Deerfoot in 26:30, the other two contestants coming in nearly jointed and quarter of a mile apart.

THE RING.

ANOTHER PUGILISTIC SENSATION.

Heenan's Friends Challenge McCoole for Ten Thousand Dollars,

AND

McCOOLE PICKS UP THE GAUNTLET.

EACH MAN PREPARED TO PUT UP $2,500 AS FORFEIT.

The rumors which have been for weeks past flying about relative to a meeting on the green sward between John C. Heenan and Mike McCoole have at last culminated in something definite being done, and from present indications it would seem that there is a reasonable prospect of the hopes of the fraternity in this direction being gratified. Sporting circles in general and pugilistic in particular in the metropolis were thrown into a fever of excitement on the morning of the 21st inst., by the publication of the subjoined formal proposition from Johnny Franklin on behalf of Heenan and the telegraphic announcement that the Missouri champion was not averse to the proposed meeting. The extract and dispatch alluded to, and which are given below, certainly wear a business-like appearance, and if McCoole does not insist upon the insertion in the articles of the extremely ridiculous proviso that the battle shall take place within so short a distance of his own home—at his very doors, as it were, while it would compel the friends of his opponent to go hundreds of miles away from home—we think it probable that the men will come to terms. However, we regard the allusion to distance above made as unauthorized by McCoole, for surely no honorable antagonist would seek to secure such an advantage as this would give him, and we trust that no hitch will occur in this respect. Here is Franklin's communication, to which are added the apparently authoritative rejoinder and comments which appeared with the same in the St. Louis *Republican*, and the confirmatory telegram:

"Cincinnati, September 11.

"Mike McCoole.—Hearing so much talk in the newspapers concerning a meeting between yourself and John C. Heenan, I want to know from headquarters whether you intend fighting or not. Mr. Heenan has sent me a forfeit of $2,500 to make the match for $10,000, play or pay. Now, if you mean business, name any good sporting man, so he is good. We then can put up the forfeit and afterwards there will be no trouble, as Mr. Heenan's reputation as an honorable pugilist and sporting man is beyond reproach. I suggest Mr. Frank Queen, of the New York Clipper, because I think him a just and proper man to hold the stakes. But they say you object to him.

"When you returned to St. Louis, after your unfortunate fiasco, the St. Louis newspapers published a challenge from you, stating that you would fight any man in this country. Now Mr. H. is the only American pugilist, outside of Coburn, who has sufficient size to accept of the above challenge. They also say you said, when you made your match with Coburn, you would fight Heenan, win or lose. You cannot reasonably object on account of being a married man, because you stated since the above took place your willingness to meet Coburn. However, Heenan is a married man, also, consequently there is no advantage on either side. I hope this will meet with your approbation and an early answer.

Yours, with respect, J. Franklin."

McCoole never backs down, and we are not surprised to learn that he has accepted the above challenge right willingly—the "mill" to come off within fifty miles of St. Louis. He declined, however, to have Mr. Frank Queen, of the Clipper, designated as stakeholder. We have no great expectations of a fight being arranged, as we have lost all confidence in eastern pugilists. In any case, however, we would advise McCoole to insist on the right of selecting the ground. If prize fights must take place, let there be some fairness about them.

Cincinnati, September 20.—A letter was received here to-day from Mike McCoole, dated St. Louis, expressing his willingness to enter the ring against John C. Heenan, for a stake of $2,500, provided said Heenan is the man in America be selected as stakeholder other than Frank Queen. John Franklin, of Cincinnati, holds Heenan's first deposit of $2,500 and Mr. Hays is ready to cover it upon the acceptance of the terms proposed

[McCoole's honeymoon does not seem to have made him sweet tempered. In reference to the telegraphic dispatch, we have merely to remark that when we consent to act as stakeholder for parties engaged in a match of any kind, we place those parties under a deep obligation to us; when our services are declined, they place us under a like obligation to them. We may be permitted to add that up to this time McCoole has not had the courtesy to acknowledge the receipt of five thousand dollars we forwarded to him, per express, several weeks ago.—Ed. Clip.]

Since the above was written we, desiring to know precisely what Heenan's intentions were, had an interview with him on Monday, 21st inst., when he stated that the agreement he entered into with those gentlemen in Philadelphia who proposed the match, was that if McCoole wished to fight him for *ten thousand dollars a side*, in either Maryland, Virginia or Canada, he would go on with it, but not upon any other conditions, and if the negotiations now pending were not conducted strictly in accordance with such terms he should have nothing to do with it. As it is evidently McCoole's determination not to fight any great distance from home it is not likely that they will conclude negotiations satisfactorily.

PRIZE BATTLE IN MONTANA

BETWEEN

JOHN CONDLE OREM AND JOHN McARDLE, FOR $1,000 AND GATE MONEY.

CON THE WINNER IN 43 ROUNDS, 1 HOUR AND 30 MINUTES.

In last week's Clipper we gave the result, received by telegraph, of the battle between Con. Orem and John McArdle for $500 a side and the gate money, and we now publish full details of the encounter, which appears to have been rather one-sided in character John C. Orem was born in Carroll County, Ohio, in 1833, stands 5ft 6¾in., and lowers the scales at 145 lbs. His first fight was with Charley Delano, whom he beat in three rounds, $200, Denver, Col. Ter., April 6, 1861; he next met and defeated Enoch Davis, $2,000, 109 rounds, 100 minutes, Denver, Aug. 24th, same year; Owney Geoghehan was his third antagonist, $500, Owney winning in 19 rounds, 23 minutes, Cheese Creek, N. J., May 18, 1863; received $300 forfeit from Jimmy Elliott, Oct. 3, 1863; fought a draw with Patsy Marley, 76 rounds, 2 hours 5 minutes, Fort Penn, Del., Oct. 27, same year; fought a draw with Hugh O'Neill, $2,000 and entrance money, 185 rounds, 3 hours 5 minutes, Leviathan Hall, Virginia City, M. T., Jan. 5, 1865; beat Patsey Marley, $700 and $2,000 gate money, 95 rounds, Leviathan Hall, Jan. 1, '66; beat Hugh O'Neill, $1,300 in gold and $435 in greenbacks, 52 rounds, foul, Aug. 24, '66; beaten by Jimmy Dwyer, $1,000 and gate money, 40 rounds, 2 hours, Nevada, M. T., Oct. 25, '67. McArdle was born at Glasgow, Scotland, in 1844, and this was his first appearance within the roped circle. He served in the Union army throughout the rebellion, and immediately after its suppression proceeded to the territories, settling down at Deer Lodge, where he has lived most of the time since.

The ring was pitched inside a close board enclosure, one-fourth of a mile from Helena, on the Hot Spring road, and created with special reference to the "$5 per head" accommodation, being sixty feet square, and having an amphitheatre of seats, as is the custom in that section. The hot sun poured down with broiling propensities, upon a highly interesting gathering, who were eager for the struggle to commence. Mac was the first to make his appearance at half past three o'clock, P. M., followed, a few minutes later, by Orem, the former having for attendants Hugh O'Neill and Eugene Guzelle, *alias* "Frenchy," while Tom Star and Capt. Hurst waited upon Con, who offered to wager $100 that he would win the battle, but nobody accepted the offer. Col. Henry Orr officiated as referee. Matt Hays and Bill Burnisher as umpires, and Col. Neiscet as time keeper. Con's colors were black and white, with General Grant in the centre, while Mac sported a white silk with red and blue border. At four o'clock time was called, and the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Very little fiddling was indulged in, both men manifesting a disposition to make the pace rapid, and accordingly getting to work speedily. Con landed the first hit—a spanker on the nose, distilling the ruby profusely. This led to some quick exchanges, followed by a clinch, when, in the wrestle which ensued, Orem was worsted. First blood for Con, who already showed himself to be the best boxer of the twain, although in wrestling his opponent was the superior. The next eight innings were very much alike, rapid fighting of a rather light character being terminated by a wrestle, Orem going down each time but one. In the tenth bout several powerful blows were delivered by each, Con having the worst of the punishment and in the fall he was undermost. A claim of foul was made for Orem, but the referee disallowed it, merely cautioning Mac. Con, riled at the way things were conducted in the last round, evidently had made up his mind to "get hunk" in the eleventh, rushing in at once and planting a right and left heavily on the body and dial, Mac landing a couple of good duns in return, and Orem going down in the clinch. Con followed up these tactics in the five succeeding rounds, and had decidedly the best of the fighting, punishing his antagonist severely and escaping almost scatheless himself

BASE BALL.

THE ATHLETICS vs. ECKFORD.

INTERESTING GAME IN PHILADELPHIA.

The first game this season between the Athletics and the Eckfords, of Brooklyn, took place on the ground of the former, at Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., and of the event the Philadelphia *Sunday Mercury* says:—"The game had been set down for Monday, but in consequence of the rain on that afternoon, the Eckfords consented to remain over in the city, and play the next day. There were about two thousand spectators present, and as many more would have been present had the fact of the postponement been generally known. There was great curiosity manifested to see how the Athletics would bat against the noted Martin, backed up, as he was known to be, by a very strong field. The first game the two clubs ever played together was on the 23d of October, 1862, on the first visit of the Eckfords (then champions) to Philadelphia. On that occasion the Eckfords won by a score of 22 to 20, the Athletics making the largest score ever made against the Eckfords while they were champions. Wilkins and McBride are the two remaining members of the nine that played against them. Only one of the Eckfords of to-day, and that their popular captain, 'Jimmy' Wood, took part in the first game played. Reach then played first base for the Eckfords. The Eckfords having been so successful this season, it was calculated that they would give the Athletics considerable trouble to win a trophy from them, and this added additional interest to the game. Col. Fitzgerald, of the Geary, was chosen umpire, and the Athletics, having won the toss, sent the Eckfords to the bat. The game began at 2.55 P. M., with Allison at the bat, and at the end of the seventh innings the score stood—Atlantics 19, Eckfords 8. The Eckford, on the eighth innings, were put out for a shank, this being the fifth they had received during the game; Nelson being the fifth they had received during the game; Nelson being caught on the fly by Reach, and Patterson and Davenport going out at first base by the fine fielding of Wilkins. In the eighth innings of the Athletics, they scored five runs; Wilkins being forced off his first by Fisler, and put out at second; "Wes" having a narrow escape from being put out at first on the same hit. Sensenderfer, Foran and Cuthbert followed with fine clean hits, and scored runs as also did Berry, who has made his second by a wild throw of Nelson's. Reach was brilliantly caught by Wood on the fly, and Martin easily caught Radcliff; McBride being left on his first, which he had made by a bounder past third. The score now stood—Athletics 24, to the Eckfords 7, thus apparently settling the question of victory beyond all doubt; but the Eckfords, on going to the bat in their ninth innings, scored no less than thirteen runs—nearly twice as many as they had made in the previous eight innings. That they were aided considerably by errors of play on the part of the Athletics, no one will pretend to dispute. But after they had given chances enough to the Athletics to have put them out for a blank score, they batted very brilliantly, making their bases, no less than ten times, by clean hits. Malone was their first striker, and he made his first by a clean hit between centre and left, and was put out at second on Allison's hit, who should have been out also at first. Wood bit a bounder to Reach, who muffed it, thus losing a splendid chance for double play. Allison came home on a wild pitch of McBride's, which glanced off Eggler's body. Eggler made his first by a muff of Berry's, and was sent home by a wild throw of Berry's; Wood also coming in on the same throw. Martin, the next striker, had a very narrow escape at first, the ball being well stopped and fielded there by Berry; Martin receiving his run, as did Nelson and Hodes, who each made their second on long hits between centre and left, which Radcliff did not appear to see, and which "Sensy" had to field; Radcliff playing too near the foul ball line. Patterson gave a chance to Reach to field him out at first, which that gentleman failed to accept. Davenport would have been caught by Foran on a high hit to short right field, had not Al. Reach backed out for it, and, between the two, it fell to the ground. Malone made a heavy hit between centre and left, on which he made two bases, sending home Patterson and Davenport. Allison sent Malone home, and went out himself at first base by Reach and Fisler. Wood, Eggler, Martin, Nelson and Hodes followed with heavy hits, and all scored excepting Hodes, who was left on his base by Patterson being brilliantly caught on the fly by Sensenderfer, off a very heavy hit over to centre—this catch of Sensenderfer's no doubt winning the game for the Athletics, as the Eckford had gone into "a streak of batting." The Athletics scored two runs in their last innings, Fisler making his third by a superb grounder between centre and right, and going home on "Sensy's" fine grounder between short and third. Foran made two bases by a fine grounder to left and sent "Sensy" home. Wilkins was handsomely caught by Patterson—a running fly catch—and Cuthbert and Berry were magnificently caught by Eggler on the fly. The catch Eggler made from Cuthbert's bat was very difficult one, having to run back some distance, and then turning he took it in grand style with one hand. Foran was left—two runs being scored; the Athletics thus winning by a score of 26 to 21. Had, however, all the chances that were offered been taken on both sides, the score should have stood about 15 to 3. On the part of the Athletics, Sensenderfer played remarkably well at centre, taking four fly catches neatly. Fisler, at first base, was superb, no less than twelve outs by put out by him. Berry played very well at third base, but made one or two bad throws, which had a damaging effect. Wilkins made several very difficult stops, but was very unlucky at the bat. McBride pitched very swiftly and batted handsomely, making his base no less than six times on clean hits, but was singularly unfortunate in being left on his bases no less than five times. Foran also made his base six times by clean, heavy hits. Martin pitched very well for the Eckford, his "curves" proving very troublesome—six runs being all that should have been scored off him. Eggler's fielding was the best display at centre field we have ever seen. Wood's fielding at second base was superb. Nelson played well at times at short stop. Patterson, Allison and Hodes also played finely in their respective positions, Hodes and Wood doing the best batting on the Eckford side. The following is the score:

Athletic.	H.	L.	R.	Eckford.	H.	L.	R.
Reach, 3d b	3	1	1	Allison, 1st b	4	2	1
McBride, p	3	1	1	Wood, 2d b	4	1	1
Radcliff, 1 f	5	1	1	Eggler, c f	3	3	2
Wilkins, s s	4	1	2	Martin, p	5	2	0
Fisler, c	2	4	1	Nelson, s s	2	4	0
Sensenderfer, c f	3	3	1	Hodes, c	1	2	2
Foran, r f	2	3	1	Patterson, l f	5	1	0
Cuthbert, c	2	5	0	Davenport, 3d b	4	2	1
Berry, 2d b	3	4	1	Malone, r f	3	3	2
Total	28	Total			20		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	2	11	0	2	0	1	4	5	2—26
Eckford	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	0	13—20

Fly catches—Athletic, 11; Eckford, 23. Out on fouls—Athletic, 4; Eckford, 1. Base hits—Athletic, two bases, 4; three bases, 2. Umpire—Col. Fitzgerald, of the Geary Club. Scorers—Dr. Watson and P. S. Bell. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

UNION vs. ECKFORD.

On the 18th these clubs played the first of a series, at the Union Ground, before quite a gathering of spectators. As it was the first meeting between them for the present season, considerable interest was manifested by their friends in regard to the result. They were not left long in doubt after the game had commenced, as the Unions took a commanding lead in the first two innings, which they held to the close, winning by a score of 48 to 26. The batting was an excellent exhibition on both sides, but the fielding was not up to the reputation of either club. Both sides were short of their best nine, but the substitutes did very well. The score is appended:—

Union.	H.	L.	R.	Eckford.	H.	L.	R.
Goldie, 1st b	4	4	1	Allison, 1st b	1	4	2
Austin, c f	3	5	1	Wood, 2d b	5	3	1
Walker, l f	4	5	0	Eggler, c f	5	2	1
Fabor, p	2	5	1	Martin, p	5	2	0
Wright, s s	2	5	1	Nelson, s s	2	4	0
Birdsall, c	4	4	0	Dailey, 3d b	1	3	2
Shelley, 1st b	4	4	0	Patterson, l f	2	2	0
Mapes, 2d b	2	5	1	Davenport, r f	2	4	0
Reynolds, r f	3	5	0	Hodes, c	4	2	0
Total	27	42	7	Total	27	26	6

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Union	10	17	0	0	0	2	8	2	3—42
Eckford	0	0	1	5	3	0	1	2	0—26

Home runs—Fabor, 1; Wright, 1; Shelley, 2; Mapes, 1. Foul bound catches—Birdsall, 5; Hodes, 3. Umpire—Mr. Ferguson, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Lush and Watson. Time of game—Three hours and five minutes.

ALERT vs. IRVINGTON.

The students of Seaton Hall College, N. J., achieved quite a victory on the 17th inst., by defeating the Irvington Club, of Irvington, N. J. The Irvingtons went down to the College Grounds to give the youngsters a lesson or two at the noble game, but caught a Tartar. We give the score below:—

Alert.	H.	L.	R.	Irvington.	H.	L.	R.
Gilhuly, c	4		1	M. Campbell, 1st b	3		2
Manin, 1 f	4		0	Bailey, c f	3		2
Tiers, p	3		2	H. Campbell, p	3		1
Lougran, c f	2		1	Saitles, c	2		2
Farrell, r f	1		3	Lewis, 2d b	3		2
Cuff, 2d b	2		3	Eaton, l f	3		0
Holland, 3d b	4		1	J. Williams, r f	2		0
McCarthy, s s	2		2	Aiken, s s	2		2
Plunkett, 1st b	1		1	Bolz, 3d b	2		2
Total	26	Total			23		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Alert	0	0	2	3	1	4	4	1	1—16
Irvington	1	0	3	0	5	0	0	0	0—13

Fly catches—Alert, 1; Irvington, 9. Umpire—Mr. A. Bragg, Alert B. B. C. Scorers—Messrs. Hall and Chapman.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF MARYLAND.

ENTERPRISE vs. MARYLAND.

The third game of the series for the championship of the State, between the Maryland and Enterprise Clubs, of Baltimore, took place on Sept. 15, before a large number of base ball admirers. The game resulted in a decided victory for the Maryland Club, by a score of 33 to 18. The result of this game places the Maryland Club as champions of the State, and gives them permanent possession of the silver ball, which they have now held for two years. Up to the fifth innings, the game was very close, being 8 to 9 in favor of the Enterprise; but in the fifth, sixth and seventh innings, the Maryland, by splendid batting, made 25 runs to their opponents' 9, which decided the game in their favor, both clubs getting a blank on the eighth, at which time the game was called, it being too dark to play the ninth innings out. The Maryland Club have lost but two games this season, viz., the first game of the series with the Enterprise, and the second game with the Olympics, of Washington, and have defeated the Pastime and Enterprise Clubs, of Baltimore, two games each, and won the first and third games of the home-and-home series with the Olympics, of Washington. They also visited Washington early in the season, and played with the National, whom they defeated, the return game that not yet taken place. They also made a tour south, and defeated the Pastime, of Richmond, by a score of 57 to 11; also the Creighton, of Norfolk, by 87 to 10; and the Old Point Club, of Fortress Monroe, by 60 to 15. The following is the score of Tuesday's game with the Enterprise:—

Maryland.	H.	L.	R.	Enterprise.	H.	L.	R.
Hooper, r f	5		4	Galliker, r f	1		0
Wilson, 1st b	3		4	Goldsmith, 1st b	3		2
Rorke, p	3		3	Chenowith, p	3		3
Annan, s s	4		2	Braden, s s	2		5
Keefe, c	4		3	Mindel, c	3		1
Lucas, 3d b	2		4	Wachtel, 3d b	3		2
Worthington, l f	1		5	Bass, l f	0		5
Young, 2d b	4		3	Fitzsimmons, 2d b	2		1
Armstrong, c f	0		6	Yearling, c f	3		1
Total	33	Total			18		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Maryland	3	3	0	3	5	7	11	0—33
Enterprise	0	3	4	2	1	2	6	0—18

Umpire—Mr. N. Robinson, of the Olympic, of Washington. Scorers—C. H. Burch, Maryland, and C. E. Flinder, Enterprise.

Since the above was in type our Baltimore correspondent says:—"It is reported throughout the city that the game was sold by several members of the Enterprise Club to parties interested in the Maryland, but as yet nothing satisfactory has been proven, although your correspondent was informed by three of the Enterprise nine that various amounts, from $300 to $500, had been offered them the night previous by several parties interested in the other club. Some prominent players of the Enterprise are suspected, and an investigation is now going on before the directors of the club, the result of which, with all papers and names, will be transmitted to you. Circumstances are very strong, and the belief is general throughout the city that members were bought. The whole transaction has brought base ball playing into bad repute here. As a matter of course the Enterprise Club is completely disorganized, and they will not visit New York and Philadelphia as anticipated. Part of the bets on this game have been held over until the results of the investigation are known. The whole transaction places the two clubs in an unenviable situation, especially as regards the National Convention. Despite their recent reverse, the Enterprise Base Ball Club, of Baltimore, will play the celebrated Cincinnati Club on the 26th inst. and the famous Athletic on the 31st inst.

TRI-MOUNTAIN vs. HAMPDEN.—The second match game between the Tri-Mountains, of Boston, the champions of the State, and the Hampdens, of Springfield, was played at Springfield, Mass., on the 16th inst., and resulted in the defeat of the former by a score of 10 to 37. The Tri-Mountains were "whitewashed" four times and the Hampdens once.

INDIANAPOLIS vs. CINCINNATI.

ACTIVE vs. CINCINNATI.

Last week the Active Club, of Indianapolis—the champions of Indiana—visited Cincinnati for the purpose of playing the four leading clubs. On Monday, the 14th, they tried the Cincinnatia, and, although the latter were minus Harry Wright (who had gone to play cricket) and King, of their first nine, the Hoosiers were badly beaten, the Red Stockings scoring 23 on the seventh innings alone. We append the score:—

Active.	H.	L.	R.	Cincinnati.	H.	L.	R.
McVey, p	4	0	1	How, s s	0	10	0
Deane, c	3	1	1	Grant, 2d b	2	1	1
McDonald, c f	2	2	1	Allison, c	4	4	2
Norwood, 2d b	3	0	2	Gould, 1st b	4	4	2
Frost, 1 f	3	1	1	Hatfield, c f	4	7	0
Sulgrove, 3d b	0	1	2	Johnson, r f	2	7	1
Webster, 1st b	3	1	0	Brainard, p	4	6	0
Yohn, s s	3	1	0	Waterman, 3d b	4	5	0
				Prentiss, l f	5	4	0
Totals	27	7	9	Totals	27	54	6

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Active	0	2	1	0	0	0	4	0	0—7
Cincinnati	2	0	9	4	3	1	23	5	7—54

Umpire—W. Skiff, Live Oak Club. Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.

ACTIVE vs. GREAT WESTERN.

On the next day the Indianians played the Great Western on the Buckeye grounds. As the Great Western is entirely an amateur club, the Actives confidently expected to win; but in this they were mistaken. Up to the sixth innings it was anybody's game, but from that out the Great Westerns walked away from their opponents. We give the score of the innings:

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Great Western	1	5	0	5	4	6	4	7—20
Actives	2	1	3	2	3	0	1	5—18

ACTIVE vs. XENIA.

On the 16th the Actives made a trip to Xenia and played the Xenia Club, sustaining their third defeat. Weaver and Alden, two players brought out from Philadelphia, pitch and catch for the Xenia, and it was to them that the Hoosiers attributed their overthrow. The score stood 40 to 23. The umpire, Dr. Draper, of the Cincinnati Club, gave great satisfaction.

ACTIVE vs. BUCKEYE.

The Active club remained in Cincinnati over Thursday, to play the Buckeyes, who had just returned from their Cleveland trip. Luck was decidedly against the visiting club, for they received another Waterloo defeat. The Bucks played a good game. McMullen pitched during most of the game, Fisher playing centre field, Hurley third, and Leonard catch. Yohn missed badly at first base once or twice. Several of the Actives played in new positions, and their order of batting was changed.

Active.	H.	L.	R.	Buckeye.	H.	L.	R.
McVey, p	3		1	Sweazy, 2d b	4		5
Yohn, 1st b	3		1	Hurley, c f	3		3
McDonald, c f	2		3	Leonard, 3d b	2		5
Sulgrove, 3d b	4		1	Boake, r f	3		4
Norwood, s s	2		0	Doyle, 1st b	4		4
Frost, 2d b	4		1	Brookshaw, s s	3		5
Wilson, l f	5		1	Meagher, l f	1		0
Blain, r f	2		1	McMullen, c	3		5
Deane, c	2		2	Fisher, p	2		6
Total	12	Total			44		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Active	3	0	0	0	3	2	3	1	1—12
Buckeye	1	6	3	0	1	6	5	12	6—44

CLEVELAND vs. CINCINNATI.

On Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, Sept. 15th and 16th, the Buckeyes, of Cincinnati, played in Cleveland with the Forest City and Railway Union Clubs. The former they beat surprisingly badly, but with the latter club they had all they could do to pull through. We append scores of both games:—

Forest City.	H.	L.	R.	Buckeye.	H.	L.	R.
White, s s	2		2	Sweazy, 2d b	2		4
Clark, 1st b	3		1	Hurley, 3d b	3		4
H. Brown, 3d b	3		1	Leonard, 1st b	2		2
Johnson, 2d b	3		0	Shields, r f	3		4
Smith, c	3		0	Doyle, 1st b	4		2
Hanna, l f	3		1	Brookshaw, s s	3		3
Burk, c f	4		0	Lauferick, l f	3		3
Branch, r f	3		1	McMullen, c f	4		3
C. Brown, p	3		0	Fisher, p	3		5
Total	29	Total			29		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Buckeye	5	1	0	3	0	0	6	5	5—29
Forest City	0	1	0	0	1	2	1	0	0— 5

Umpire—Mr. Scotten, of the Railway Union B. B. C.

Railway Union.	H.	L.	R.	Buckeye.	H.	L.	R.
Melton, r f	1		3	Sweazy, 2d b	5		2
Doubleday, c	4		1	Hurley, 3d b	2		2
Cannon, 2d b	4		1	Leonard, c	4		1
Scotten, 3d b	4		1	Shields, r f	4		1
Bouse, l f	4		1	Doyle, 1st b	1		3
Phelen, s s	2		3	Brookshaw, s s	3		5
Bradbear, c f	2		1	Lauferick, l f	4		1
Lowe, 1st b	2		1	McMullen, c f	4		1
Quille, p	4		1	Fisher p	3		2
Total	13	Total			15		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Railway Union	1	4	2	3	1	0	0	2	1—13
Buckeye	0	1	0	0	3	2	0	0	0—15

The day was intensely cold, and the fingers of the players were so numbed that they could hardly grasp the bat or hold the ball.

CINCINNATI vs. GREAT WESTERN.

These clubs played on Saturday, the 19th, and the heavy batting of the Red Stockings made it a horse and hen game. The Great Westerns fielded finely, but could do little at the bat, and they had few chances in their favor, for the fielding of the Western champions was superb. The game closed with seven innings, owing to rain. We append the score:—

Cincinnati.	H.	L.	R.	Gr. Western.	H.	L.	R.
How, s s	2	6	0	Beggs, 2d b	4	0	3
Hall, l f	4	2	1	Barnes, 3d b	2	1	0
Allison, c	3	4	0	Black, p	1	1	1
Gould, 1st b	2	0	3	Mussey, r f	2	0	1
Hatfield, 2d b	3	4	0	Garlick, c f	2	0	1
Johnson, r f	0	6	1	Holabird, l f	3	0	0
Brainard, p	2	5	2	Stiles, s s	3	0	0
Waterman, 3d b	3	3	0	Kahler, 1st b	3	0	1
"Smith," c f	1	5	1	Riemeyer, 1st b	3	0	0
Totals	27	38	5	Totals	27	2	5

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Cincinnati	4	9	1	15	2	4	3—38
Great Western	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 2

Bases on hits—Cincinnati, 28; Great Western, 5. Time of game—Two hours and twenty-five minutes. Umpire—W. Skiff, Live Oak Club.

CINCINNATI BALL ITEMS.

The Cincinnatis start on their eastern tour on the 22d, opening the ball in Washington on the 24th with their old friends the Nationals. On the next day they play the Olympics. Saturday, the 26th, will be devoted to the Enterprise Club, of Baltimore. Monday and Tuesday, 28th and 29th, they play the Athletics and Keystones, of Philadelphia. Thursday, October 1st, they favor the Atlantics, of Brooklyn; Friday, the Mutuals; Saturday, the Unions. They may play more games, but these are all that are definitely settled on. They will return *via* Cleveland, playing the Forest City and Railway Union Clubs. The club played a practice game on the 17th with the Live Oaks, several of their nine being absent, and won by a score of 38 to 17.....Sweazy and Leonard, of the Buckeyes, talk strongly of returning to the east soon, having become home-sick. Berthung, Studley and Shields returned to Washington as suddenly as they came out, and will be on hand to test the Cincinnatis again, but not under the *nom de guerre* of "Buckeyes" this time. "All's fair in love, war," and ball!.....We give a calendar of the principal games of last week in Porkopolis:—Night Owls vs. Enterprise, of Lawrenceburgh, Ind., Owls defeated, 40 to 16; Four O'Clocks vs. Morning Glories, 21 to 15; Stars vs. Fulton, 18 to 11; Buckeye Junior vs. Laurel, 32 to 33—a beautiful nine innings game.....The Xenia and Springfield, Ohio, Clubs played a match for the Championship of their Congressional District on the 18th, resulting in favor of the former by a score of 49 to 5. The Xenias had the advantage of two professionals.....On the morning of the 19th the Daylights beat the Night Owls in a fine game, 12 to 10.....The young ladies of a certain seminary in Cincinnati have organized a base ball club. They play in their gymnasium suits.

MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

OLYMPIC vs. ATLANTIC.

The above named clubs played the first game of their match for the championship of Western Pennsylvania on Tuesday, 15th inst., on the Olympic Grounds, at Union Park, Allegheny City. The weather was all that could have been wished for and both nines were in good trim. Brosey, formerly of the Allegheny, made his *debut* as pitcher of the Atlantics. The Olympic nine had been weakened by the departure of some of their best players for college, but nevertheless managed to turn out a pretty strong team. The game was closely contested and very interesting throughout. The Atlantics placed great confidence in Brosey's swift pitching, but it did not bother the Olympics as much as might have been expected, and about the seventh innings he commenced to pitch slow drop balls, which proved to be much more effective than his swift ones. The game resulted in a victory for the Olympics, as may be seen by the following score:—

Olympic.	H.	L.	R.	Atlantic.	H.	L.	R.
McClincock, c	1		3	Stopple, c	4		1
D. Loomis, l f	3		3	McCandless, 2d b	3		2
Sullivan, 3d b	3		1	Page, 3d b	3		2
Wilkins, r f	5		1	Brosey, p	2		5
Alden, p	3		2	Moore, c f	4		1
La Mont, 2d b	3		2	Ryan, l f	3		1
Leonard, s s	5		1	Palmer, r f	5		1
Irwin, c f	3		2	Boose, s s	1		3
S. Loomis, 1st b	4		0	Drummond, 2d b	2		2
Total	18	Total			16		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Olympic	4	2	3	2	1	2	1	0	0—15
Atlantic	2	0	0	1	4	0	0	2	5—14

Bases on hits—Olympic, 30 times; Atlantic, 21 times. Home run—By Brosey, of the Atlantics. Umpire—Mr. Myers, of the Mutual Club. Scorer—H. Campbell, for Olympic. Time of game—two hours and fifteen minutes.

ATLANTIC vs. BALTIC.

The Atlantic Club, of St. Louis, played three match games on the 13th, and were victorious in each of them. The first one was the return game between the first nines of the Baltic and Atlantic, which again resulted in favor of the Atlantic. The following is the score:—

Atlantic.	H.	L.	R.	Baltic.	H.	L.	R.
Berry, c	2		7	Manning, c f	3		3
Bixby, 1 f	6		4	Donnelly, 3d b	2		3
Herring, p	1		6	Walsh, 1st b	3		2
Jul. Peterson, 1st b	1		3	Nash, l f	3		0
Cleariand, 3d b	5		4	Harrington, r f	3		0
Wm. Peterson, c f	3		7	King, p	2		2
Chenot, s s	1		8	Delargie, 2d b	3		2
O'Keef, 2d b	3		6	Daddy, s s	3		0
Kienker, r f	1		7	Gorman, c	4		1
Total	33	Total			14		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	3	0	1	0	0	3	1	3	4—15
Baltic	3	0	1	0	0	3	1	1	1—14

Umpire—Thos. McMahon, Hope B. B. C. Field Captains—J. O'Keef and T. Walsh. Scorers—C. Miller, for Atlantic; G. F. Albertson, for Baltic.

The second game was Atlantic second nine vs. Active second nine. Won by the Atlantics. Score, 47 to 37.

The third game was Atlantic third nine vs. Telegraph nine. Won by the Atlantics, by a score of 65 to 34.

This was certainly a good day's work for the three nines of the Atlantic Club, they scoring a total of 126 runs to 76 of their opponents in three games.

EMPIRE, OF ST. LOUIS, vs. LONE STAR, OF ALMA.

The Empire Club, of St. Louis, got aboard the cars on the 9th for a trip to Alma Mines, Ill., to play a return match with the Lone Star Club of that burg. After a pleasant trip the boys arrived at Alma about 9 o'clock, and were received by a committee of the Lone Star Club and escorted to the hotel. After refreshing themselves, the St. Louisians were treated to a sight of the lions of the place, their ramble ending only to give place to a sumptuous dinner. Their next move was to the ball grounds, at which place they arrived about half past one and immediately commenced play. At the conclusion of the game, the Empires and their friends were conducted back to Alma, where a bountiful supper and a hearty welcome awaited them, winding up with a ball; but pleasure cannot last always, and tearing themselves away from the hospitality of their open-hearted entertainers, the Empires started for home, where they arrived at 2 o'clock heartily pleased with their jaunt. We give the score:—

Empire.	H.	L.	R.	Lone Star.	H.	L.	R.
Wirth, 1st b	3		6	Wm. Obst, c	3		2
Spaulding, 3d b	6		4	Morris, l f	4		1
Stevens, c f	2		6	Taylor, 1st b	4		2
Shocker, l f	4		3	Bodeker, p	4		3
Meyers, r f	4		5	Owens, 2d b	3		2
Barros, s s	3		6	Steele, s s	3		2
Murray, c	3		6	Henderson, c f	3		2
Fitzgibbons, p	2		7	Smith, 3d b	3		2
Barrett, 2d b	3		5	F. Obst, r f	3		1
Total	33	Total			14		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Empire	3	0	9	13	4	3	8	8	3—53
Lone Star	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—14

Umpire—E. M. Morrison, of the Bluff Club, of Belleville, Ill. Scorers—H. Barklage, for the Empire; C. Hore, for Lone Star.

BALL PLAY AMONG COLLEGIANS.

The return game of the series between the Classical and English departments of Williston Seminary, East Hampton, Mass., was played Sept. 16th, and, after a close and interesting game, the Classicals came out ahead, winning by five tallies. The playing on both sides was excellent, and two fly catches were well worthy of mention—one by Guild, who took it, after a long run, with his left hand, and a beautiful liner taken by Fitts. We append the score:—

Classical.	H.	L.	R.	English.	H.	L.	R.
Stuart, c	4		4	Butler, p	1		4
Atwater, 1 f	4		2	Jackman, 2d b	3		2
Blair, 1st b	4		3	Stanley, c f	1		1
Fitts, c f	4		3	Blair, c	3		2
Sergeant, 2d b	0		5	Lee, l f	4		2
Eden, p	4		2	Bannard, 3d b	4		2
Purple, 3d b	4		2	Hooker, s s	4		2
Bunn, s s	4		1	Guild, r f	3		1
Boardman, r f	4		1	Bunce, 1st b	2		3
Total	29			Total	24		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Classical	5	3	3	3	0	3	0	6	1—29
English	0	2	2	0	2	0	2	2	4—14

Home run—Barns, 1. Passed balls—Classical, 11; English, 3. Umpire—Frank Sawyer. Scorer—E. A. Bradford. Time of game—Two hours and thirty-five minutes.

A PRIZE GAME.

The Dirigo Club, of Augusta, and the Rising Stars, of Portland, played a game for the Junior Championship of Maine and a gold mounted bat, on the 15th inst. The score was as below:—

Dirigo.	H.	L.	R.	Rising Star.	H.	L.	R.
Parker, s s	3		6	Cummings, r f	3		2
Pillsbury, 1st b	5		4	Robinson, s s	4		3
Norse, p	1		7	Ayers, l f	2		4
Bicknell, l f	3		7	C. Libbey, c	4		1
Blanding, 2d b	1		7	Howe, 2d b	3		3
Flagg, c f	3		5	S. Libbey, 1st b	1		4
Taylor, r f	4		5	Chaffin, p	2		3
Kinsman, 3d b	4		3	Shaw, c	4		1
Santon, c	4		3	Frost, 3d b	4		4
Total	49	Total			22		

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Dirigo	7	4	7	11	1	1	8	10	1—49
Rising Star	1	2	3	3	0	0	13	0	0—22

Umpire—Mr. Anthony.

TRI-MOUNTAIN vs. NORFOLK.

We append the score of a match played recently between the Tri-Mountains, of Boston, and the Norfolks, of Foxboro':—

Tri-Mountain.	H.	L.	R.	Norfolk.	H.	L.	R.
Sullivan, ss	3		4	Gray, s s	2		3
Borrows, 2d b	3		4	Dyke, c f	1		3
Harris, r f	3		3	Winn, c	3		2
Kelly, c f	3		2	Leonard, l f	4		0
Thomas, 1st b	3		3	Bolan, p	2		1
Bushnell, 1 f	3		1	Chamberlaine, 3d b	4		1
O'Ryder, p	3		1	Smith, 1st b	1		1
Putnam, c	4		1	Turner, 3d b	3

A QUEER THING IN ENTOMOLOGY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

He came in the darkness and dead of night,
The largest mosquito I ever saw!
And he gave me, O, such a horrible bite,
He reduced my blood a gallon or more.

He did not take me quite unawares,
But gave me notice that he had come,
With a noise that fell on my startled ears
Like the martial roll of a tenor drum.

I thought it a vampire, a Ghoul, a Thug,
I sprang from my couch in deadly fear,
And, seizing the china water jug,
I gave him a crack behind the ear!

That staggered him—but he didn't stop—
He returned a damaging blow with his left;
We clinched and wrestled—at last on top
Of me down he fell and with all his heft!

Twenty-four desperate rounds we fought—
Nip and tuck and wrestle and plunge;
Until, at last, tired out, I thought
I should have to knock under and threw up the sponge!

All at once I remembered my gun,
That always stood at the foot of my bed;
I had had enough of this fellow's fun,
And I fired—and blew off the top of his head.

He emitted a sound like an Indian yell,
Or the cry of an emu, or snort of a horse,
And he shook the very house as he fell
Down at my feet, a mangled corse.

I drew a long breath, and then struck a light
To see how, with a hole in his head, he'd look:
He was four feet six, in his stockings, in height—
I am willing to swear on any book!

One leg was seventeen inches round,
I didn't stop to measure the rest;
But, by careful computation, found
He was forty-six inches about the chest.

The muscles stood out in bold array
On his long fore-arm, as large as mine;
But, after a critical, close survey,
I concluded he had been trained too fine!

Pluck to the last! Repose to his soul!
Fighting, in harness, the hero died.
That night in my garden we dug a hole
Five feet long, and say two feet wide.

We buried him there—in my garden plot,
Just as the sun began to rise;
And the green, green grass grows over the spot
Where that huge, misguided mosquito lies.

J. H. B.

RUINED FOR EVER;

OR,

THE WORLD AGAINST THE FAVORITE.

BY HAMLYN SMITH.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARK ELDRED.

It was on a fine, crisp morning, some few days after the visit of Mrs. Desmond to the old hunting box, that Mark Eldred, a laboring man, was trudging along Thornton Heath, near Epsom.

The sun was pouring down uninterruptedly over the dusky heather, and Mark, as he passed along, felt how strongly the sunlight of nature corresponded with the sunlight of his heart. For Mark was a happy man. He had been married some years; but his love for his wife was still fresh within his heart.

Little ones had gathered round him, and strengthened the ties of affection, and given to him apparently a larger share than usual of loving kindness towards all.

Passing along, gazing at the objects around him, he stopped to examine some wild flowers that grew on the bank of the pool where Sir Lawrence Glenville had met his death.

Suddenly his attention was attracted by a strange object. It was a bundle of paper, tied with a piece of tape which had once been red, but which was now discolored from long exposure to the sun and rain.

"This'll do to amuse myself to-night, when I go home," said he, and placed it in his pocket.

After a long day's work he went home; and finding his tea ready, and his children clean and tidy round him, sat down by the fire, and began reading the paper, forgetting all about the packet he had picked up in the morning.

At nine o'clock he had read nearly all the paper, and was going to put it down, when his eye caught the words:—

"THE MURDER NEAR EPSOM.—The trial of Ray Desmond for the murder of Sir Lawrence Glanville, on Thornton Heath, will take place to-morrow."

"By Jove, wife," he cried, "I have forgotten something! This morning, near the pool on the Heath, I picked up a packet tied with red tape. Perhaps it may have reference to the murder."

Drawing the packet from his pocket he untied it, and proceeded to examine the first page of what appeared to be a long manuscript. Blotted and blurred as it was by the rain, it was somewhat difficult to decipher; but he saw at once, by the first names, that it had reference to the murder. It began:—

"A CONFESSION, TO BE READ ONLY AFTER MY DEATH.

"To Ray Desmond, from Sir Lawrence Glanville.—The accompanying is a full explanation of the circumstances of my life, more especially that part of my life which relates to my connection with your wife. Of any wrong doing your wife is guilty of I was said to be, with her, I was not even in the same town; but I allowed this evil to be spread abroad, to accomplish my revenge upon you. This confession, which some may regard in the light of an atonement, I make, because I feel it due to myself not to leave this world with a lie upon my lips. Still regarding you as the greatest enemy I have had throughout my experience, I again ask you to read the narrative which I here send to you, and judge both myself and your wife innocent of the charge brought against us. It will be a bitter thing for you to feel that you have been acting so long unjustly to an innocent woman, whose innocence I would not proclaim, were I not sure that she is dead, and can no longer be a joy and a comfort to you."

"Well," said Mark Eldred to his wife, 'there's a nice article for you! How would you like such a man as that for a husband?"

The loving wife wound her arms round her husband's neck and kissed him.

"Ah, dear Mark, you could never be like that!" she said. "But what are you going to do with these things?"

"Well," returned Eldred—"well, you see, if Ray Desmond is found guilty of the murder—which I don't believe he ever committed—it will be a kind of relief to his mind to know that his wife was innocent. I'll go up to London at once and take these papers to the jail."

His wife kissed him on the forehead.

"That's right, Mark—that's just like your good heart. But how are you going? The last train has gone long since."

"Never mind, wife, I'll walk. Besides, it'll save money."

He rose as he spoke, and without further hesitation, he put on his coat.

"Good bye, wifey," he said; "I will be back early in the morning."

Then he kissed her and the children again, and went out into the night. It was very dark and over the whole of the country side a heavy mist had descended.

Across Thornton Heath it was impossible to see, and if any person had been following him, Mark would have been unable to distinguish him. He had not proceeded far, however, when he heard distinctly the tramp, tramp of footsteps behind him.

He was walking on the grass and made no sound as he went. The other traveler, therefore, passed by him without observing him, and before Mark had approached within twenty yards of the pool he was some way in advance.

On reaching the edge of the water the stranger stopped and looked back, as if to see if the coast was clear. Then he drew a lantern from his pocket and began to examine carefully the margin of the pool.

"Ah, my fine fellow!" said Mark, "there is something up here. I will watch."

Instinctively he felt that this man's visit to the pool had some connection with the murder of Sir Lawrence Glanville. Advancing, therefore, in a zig zag direction, he succeeded in arriving at the other side of the pool before the other had really commenced his search.

The light of the lantern was full upon the face of the searcher when Mark Eldred arrived on the spot, for he had placed it on the ground and was ferreting about among a thick clump of heather. It was the face of John Marston.

"Ah!" said Mark, as a sudden idea flashed through his mind. "That villain I know well. I'd be bound to swear that it is he himself that has done this deed!"

Marston seemed in no good humor, for his face was flushed and his eyes glared wildly. He had all the appearance of a man who had just discovered that he had done something to criminate himself, and was furious at finding that he could not baffle justice.

"I'll see presently whether this man is guilty or not, for I will speak to him suddenly. I shall know by the expression of his features whether he knows anything of the crime which has made this spot a by-word."

After some time Marston rose from the ground with a loud imprecation.

"Curse the place!" he said; "some traitor or another has been here before me."

"Good evening, Mr. Marston!" cried Mark.

Marston sprang back with a fierce yell. In an instant the whole of the murder scene came before his mind—the night, the murdered man, the moonlight on the lake.

The atmosphere seemed charged with blood.

Then—the ground—the heather—the water appeared to be red.

Staggering forward again, he neared the spot where Mark Eldred was standing. His ghastly face was plainly visible now in the light of the lantern, which he had raised from the ground.

"What the devil are you, and why are you here?" he demanded mockingly.

"Is this public heath open to all?" he said.

"Answer me; but why are you prying about here?"

Marston, fumbling the while in the breast of his coat—

"I will ask you the same question," said Mark. "Why have you brought a lantern here to search by this murder pool?"

He had raised his stick as he spoke, and it was only in time. Suddenly, when he imagined that Mark was not prepared, Marston drew out his pistol—fired!

The quick eye of his antagonist had detected his intention, however, and a rapid movement of the stick struck up the deadly weapon ere its discharge was fatally aimed.

"Villain!" cried Mark, as he rushed forward; "I will teach you what it is to fire on an unarmed man."

So saying, he sprang upon Marston, and began most unmercifully to belabor the villain with his ash stick. He was no sparing paymaster.

Right heartily fell the blows upon the back of the blackleg, and struggle how he would, he could not avoid them. At length Mark desisted, and flung him bleeding and senseless to the earth.

Then he once more went on his journey, seeing that the papers were safe, and buttoning his coat over them as over a precious treasure. Not far from the spot where he had given Marston so merited a punishment, he came to an inn and made his way into the bar.

"I was fired upon on the heath, by a man," he said to the landlord, "and I left him, after giving him a good thrashing, on the side of the pool. I'd send a couple of men after him if I were you, and I'll go with them. If he's there, keep him here—it will be worth your while, I can assure you."

He leaned over the bar as he spoke, and whispered a few words, on hearing which the landlord flushed, nodded, and at length left the bar. A few minutes after he returned with two men, who bore with them a shutter.

"There you are, sir," said he. "Go with them and they'll bring him home here. We've got a room he can have."

The pool was reached ere long, and there, sure enough, lay John Marston, still senseless. Within half an hour more he had been carried to the inn and placed in bed, while Mark Eldred once more set out on his journey towards London.

Eagerly and with right good-will he trudged along; but it was, of course, nearing morning when he reached the precincts of Horsemonger Lane Jail, where Ray Desmond was now immured.

The dull, gloomy aspect of the place chilled his heart, and he glanced yearningly at the walls, as if he would have liked to have in his own power the pleasurable duty of freeing all the captive souls within.

At length he summed up courage to knock at the door. The turnkey eyed him suspiciously as he opened the door; but he was a kind-hearted sort of man, and did not speak to him in that peculiar tone of insult which most police officers and their class think essential to the exercise of due authority.

"What is it you want?" he asked.

"I wish to see Mr. Ray Desmond," he said.

The man shook his head.

"That's impossible," he said; "no one will be allowed to see him yet."

"Cannot these papers be sent in to him?"

"Not now. I can send them in later in the morning."

"Before the trial?"

"Oh, yes; long before that."

"Very well," said Mark; "be sure to give it in, for it is a matter of life and death."

He handed the packet to the warder.

"Here is my name," he added, writing it on a slip of paper. "I'll be in court when the trial begins; so please tell the lawyer that's got the case in hand, and Mr. Desmond, that I can give evidence in the case."

"I will do as you ask me," said the man; "more especially as you seem to wish to give evidence in favor of Mr. Desmond."

Mark Eldred accordingly quitted the prison and made his way towards the city.

There, in the neighborhood of the Old Bailey, he ensconsed himself in a public house, where he could have breakfast and wait till the court opened.

He was just commencing an onslaught upon some ham and coffee, when a man, apparently in his own station of life, entered the room and seated himself by the fire.

"You are waiting to hear this trial, I suppose?" said the latter after a pause.

"Yes, I am," said Mark. "I have come to give evidence in favor of Mr. Desmond.

The stranger's eyes brightened as if he were delighted at the news, and he answered quickly, 'Indeed! That is the very reason why I am here. I don't believe that he ever committed the crime at all. Are you any friend of this Marston's?"

"Not I!" returned Mark, unguardedly; "I know too much of him!"

"So do I," said the other, supping the beer that he had brought in with him in a greasy looking pewter; "so do I. Do you know Mrs. Desmond?"

"I do not; but I should like to see her before the trial. She might make me better acquainted with what I am to do."

"You can see her readily if you wish," pursued the other, without, however, making any attempt at moving.

"Is she near at hand, then?"

"Not far off."

"Can't you tell me where?"

"Why, you see," said the man, "you see she's hiding away in a queer crib, because she don't want any one to know she's near at hand. That's her little game, you see; and, perhaps she mightn't like me to spilt. However, have you got any money?"

"A little."

"Give me half a bull (2s. 6d.), and I will take you to her."

Mark Eldred considered a moment. He was but a bricklayer—a poor man, comparatively.

"Should he risk the money?"

Yes; it was in the cause of right and justice, and humanity, and he had no doubt, moreover, he would be repaid a hundredfold. So he rose up.

"Here's your money," he said; "let's go at once, for the court will be open in an hour."

The man lazily drank his porter, as if in no hurry to be gone; and having pocketed the half crown, led the way towards Smithfield. After proceeding a short distance, they entered a court, without taking any pains to see if no companion was following. This was part of his deception. He was an old hand at it.

Mark Eldred never for one moment suspected any attempt at betraying him. The man's manner was quite sufficient to dispel any idea of this kind.

So he went on hurriedly, in order to keep pace with his leader, and in a few minutes they stopped at a dingy door.

"Be quiet as you go in," said the man in a whisper. "We're *all* on the quiet here!"

Then he knocked. The door was opened and disclosed a wide, dark passage.

"Come in," said the man.

Mark entered. His first step brought him opposite an open door, and suddenly the man behind him—the one who had opened the door—pushed him violently, and he fell forward into a dark room, the door of which instantly closed with a spring.

"Better luck next time, old pal!" cried the stranger, through the keyhole. "Keep up your pecker; you won't be here long!"

Mark Eldred saw at once that he had been duped, and he kicked violently, and put his broad shoulders against the door. But it was all in vain. The cage was far too strong to permit of any successful attempt at breaking out.

So there he had to remain; while the man who had betrayed him walked whistling away—while the judge and jury and the barristers were attiring themselves, and the spectators were seating themselves in murmuring expectation of a trial where the prosecution had it all its own way, and the witnesses for the defence were—barred!

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TRIAL.

When Ray Desmond glanced round the court, on being led in and placed in the dock, his heart sank within him. The severe look of the judge—the solemn and silent aspect of all—the calm cynicism of the lawyers—and, more than all, the absence of all friendly faces, sent a chill to his very heart.

Where was Mr. Fairfax—or, rather, the wife in whose innocence he already believed. Where were those who had promised to aid him? Where were those whom she had declared herself able to fetch to his assistance?

There, truly, was his lawyer, and the barrister who had been engaged to defend him; but where were those whose evidence alone could avail him in this hour of need?

The trial began. The indictment was read, and the prisoner pleaded "Not guilty." Then, with an anxious face, the counsel for the defence rose.

"You will excuse me, my lord, I am sure, for this irregularity," he said, "when I tell you that I have not a single witness here for the defence. I was promised several—among others, a gentleman, or rather, a lady, who has been living for some time under the name of Leonard Fairfax, but who is, in reality, the wife of my client. Both Mrs. Desmond and the other most important witness, who was present at the time of the murder, are absent, and I must really beg for a postponement."

The judge shook his head.

"Brother Lloyd," he said, "you know that I cannot grant you this indulgence. The trial has already been postponed twice at your request, and I cannot think of allowing any further delay."

"Only for a few hours, my lord?" persisted Mr. Lloyd.

"No," replied the judge; "I cannot permit it. The trial will, no doubt, occupy some time; and you had better send round messengers to every place where it is likely they will be. And, if they arrive with important evidence, even at the last moment, you may be quite assured we shall receive it."

The trial accordingly proceeded. The counsel for the prosecution began a verbose and yet eloquent speech, speaking earnestly about the "grossness," the "enormity," the "hideous baseness and cowardice" of the crime.

"Here is a man, in the prime of his life, struck down by the blow of an assassin, on a mere suspicion; and from papers which were left at the prison door this morning, and accidentally fell into the hands of the governor, it will be seen that this suspicion was an incorrect one."

He then brought forward, and read the document found by Mark Eldred near the pool. Great as was the joy which this declaration of his wife's innocence brought to Ray's heart, the fact of the papers being found near the pool seemed to point to the fact that Ray Desmond took them from the pocket of the murdered man, and dropped them in his hurry, when disturbed.

Evidence was then given of Ray's movements on that night, and so forth; and everything seemed to tell against him. His words—his attempted escape—the absence of any proof of another person being connected with the murder—seemed to point to his guilt.

In fact, when the witnesses for the prosecution had been examined, there seemed no doubt on the minds of all that the prisoner at the bar was guilty. The speech for the defence was a splendid piece of elocution; but without the witnesses to prove its truth, it failed to bring home conviction to the minds of the jury.

Mr. Lloyd recapitulated clearly the evidence which would have been given, had the witnesses been present—but they did not come; and, after a most impressive speech from the judge, the jury retired to consider a positively unrefuted charge of murder.

Every one was very still, looking at the prisoner.

The judge retired for a few moments. The prisoner sat down in his box and thought of the past, and the short future which in all probability awaited him.

Suddenly, just as the judge returned into the court, there was a loud commotion at the door, and in the dim twilight, two men struggled in, bearing another, whose ghastly visage proclaimed how near death he was; while a third, whose blood stained features spoke of a desperate struggle, followed in their train.

The first two were Mrs. Ray Desmond and the Linnet, bearing Running Roe in their arms; the other was Mark Eldred.

"These, my lord, are my witnesses!" cried Mr. Lloyd, springing up triumphantly.

"The jury must return," said the judge, "if, as you say, the man is here who is willing to turn Queen's evidence."

"Yes, my lord, he is here," said the barrister.

"Good!" said the judge. "Let the jury be recalled."

The twelve men—surprised greatly, as may be imagined—returned to their box. After a brief consultation with the witnesses, Mr. Lloyd arranged them in the most effective manner.

First, Mrs. Desmond was examined, still in her male dress, then the Linnet, who both deposed to their visit to the thieves' den, and how they only escaped through a sudden incursion of police. Then they brought forward Running Joe, who, with his dying breath, described the scene on the lonely heath.

The sight of the dying man, so near his last journey, describing the hideous tragedy in which he had taken part, sparing no details of the murder, but describing it to the full, and even illustrating it by a narration of Marston's deadly curses and cowardly terror, made a deep impression upon all in the court.

There was no doubt as to the truthfulness of all this; and, as if to confirm the narrative while it was yet fresh in the mind of the judge, two men entered the court at the moment that Running Joe had finished his story and Mark Eldred began his.

These were the landlord of the inn where Marston had been placed the night before, and Mr. Henry Lapfield, a magistrate. It seemed, from the statement of these persons, that when Mark Eldred had quitted the inn, Marston had become rapidly worse; and, in the height of his pain and evidently fast approaching death, he desired to see a magistrate.

To him he had confessed all, and had died after he had signed the deposition in the presence of two magistrates and the landlord. It would be difficult to describe the scene of excitement which now ensued in the court. The judge, with great emotion, ordered the instant discharge of the prisoner, after addressing to him and his counsel a few apologetic words. The jury, who had intended to hang him, remained gloomily silent.

The public expressed their feelings in a loud murmur, which increased to a cheer when Mrs. Desmond, regardless of her male attire, threw her arms around her husband's neck and wept upon his bosom.

"Oh, my dear wife!" he murmured, as he pressed her to his heart, "it is worth all this trial, all this sorrow, to have you thus reunited to me."

In the midst of this scene there was one who had in silence watched all the proceedings, evidently with the most absorbing interest.

This was Laura Mellish. Loving Desmond greatly, she had heard also that his wife had suddenly reappeared, and the fact seemed to bring before her, in its true light, the prize she had so irretrievably lost.

So she had come to see the last sad scene unnoticed, and to see him, as she feared, pronounced guilty—to behold him borne away to prison, only to emerge on the fatal morning which would be his last on earth. Grateful as she was that this had not come to pass, she was unprepared to see the scene between him and his wife and she glided silently away.

More light-hearted than the faithful, loving wife, who, suspected and wronged, had at length proved herself innocent, and arrived in time to save her husband from an ignominious death, she at length consoled herself by marriage with a young and handsome nobleman, who proved a good and constant husband to her.

Mark Eldred—well rewarded for his courage—was often afterwards heard to speak of the strange night on the heath, and was at length enabled to settle down quietly in life as lodge-keeper to the reunited pair.

With their child restored to them and their love more ardent than ever, how can we paint their happiness?

No one can understand it, who has not suddenly leaped into good fortune, after being on the dismal margin of "Ruined for Ever."

THE END.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY PAUL PRESTON, ESQ.

No. 23.—Some Eccentric Personages.

It is pretty hard to discover what the world now-a-days means by an eccentric personage, for the rules of society have been so perverted to allow of the vagaries of fashion, that departures from the every day habits of the community can be accepted as virtual obedience to the mandates of convenience. But, a few years back, when the laws of good breeding were laid down with explicit interpretation and our notion of decorum weighed by a common and uniform standard of taste, the slightest violation of conventionality could only be excused upon the ground of eccentricity.

I have met hundreds of eccentric men in my day. Some were inclined in that direction from a diseased reason, as was the case with the unfortunate Sallon Rosenthrall, whose brain had been turned by an arduous application to mathematical studies, and whose folly was limited to the conceit of conceiving himself to be the lineal Duke of Rigmarole. Others again become eccentric from a natural proclivity to oddity, as was the case with the extinct eccentricity of the philosopher of *The Tribune* in wearing old hats and coats and presenting a disordered appearance generally, or the wonderfully eccentric doings of Count Johann Wild, intended to excite the ridicule or laughter of the town than to attract custom in the merits of his undrivalled cough candies. Mr. Greeley cannot be said to be a legitimate eccentric, as he could have as well worn decent garments thirty years ago as at this present moment, but then the rising editor had as much of a purpose in causing his old white coat and shabby boots to be among the subjects of comment among the class upon whose pecuniary support he relied, as does the spiritual class leader who lets his hair to grow in unshaven luxuriance that the faithful may recognize their prophet at a glance. I therefore reject the eccentricity of Mr. Greeley, much as it has been commented on, on the same grounds as I would that of the equally illustrious Horatio Nelson Wild.

Passengers by the Kipp & Brown's line of omnibuses to Greenwich Village, many years ago—say about thirty-five—could not fail to remark a little, withered-up man, clothed habitually in a suit of iron grey, who, seated at the rear of the stage, would accompany the entire fare into it of each passenger with some pertinent remark, such as—"Lady in with a child," or "Man out with a basket, on right hand side." At almost every hour of the day the little man in grey could be found seated over the hinder wheel, where the jolting is the most felt, either indulging in his queer remarks or dealing out gratuitously the tickets of the line he so industriously patronized, rarely getting out, but going the entire course. This man, whom any one would take to be a journeyman mechanic, was Mr. Stewart, one of the richest landholders in New York, having, through his marriage with Miss Lispenard, acquired possession of the major portion of the immense tract of land known originally as the Lispenard Meadows, but now extending over many blocks in the Fifth Ward around St. John's Park.

Mr. Stewart was generally styled "Gouton Stewart," from memory of a trick played upon his creditors when he was in business and unpossessed of his wife's estate. Although every other person believed at the time that he was doing an excellent business, Stewart suddenly announced his failure, and assembling his creditors requested them to sign off their claims for a mere nominal consideration. Upon their refusal the pretended bankrupt procured a goat, which he rode about town, with other demonstrations of idiocy, to such an extent that the refractory creditors, having compassion upon the man's state of mind, executed the required documents. On the morrow Goatee came down town as sane as the best man among them, and straightway commenced a series of speculations which ultimately rendered him one of the wealthiest landed proprietors of the city. His perpetual riding in the omnibus had grown a confirmed habit, originating in the idea that jolting would cure him of the dyspepsia, with which complaint he was for many years afflicted, and of which he died as an advanced age. To the horror of squeeteed believers, Goatee was buried in his grey suit, in accordance with the terms of his will; this act was regarded as sacrilegious, inasmuch as the idea of burying a Christian in those days in aught save a linen shroud would be scouted at as the very height of paganism.

McDonald Clarke, generally designated as the mad poet astonished the town by many of his freaks, but, as the man upon other points was assuredly sane, these ebullitions of fancy were accepted as the harmless results of an excited imagination. For instance, he appeared in the public streets in court costume, with a small sword, to the right to carry which he laid claim on the score that the poets in the reign of Anne invariably carried swords, the badge of gentility, and as he not as good a poet or as much of a gentleman as the best among them—a rational conclusion from sane premises. Poor Clarke died the victim of a cruel practical joke and in a manner showing that his reason had been long unseated. The poet had conceived the idea that a daughter of a millionaire had fallen deeply in love with him, and, in the manner of Petrarch, he wrote sonnets to his lady love, addressed epistles to her, and haunted every public place she visited without venturing to address a word to his Laura in person. Some pretended friends to the moonstruck lover encouraged him in his mute demonstrations and, by intercepting his poems and letters, responded in the lady's name, in such a manner as to deceive one even of keener penetration than the mad poet ever made pretension to. For an entire year the deception of McDonald continued, creating rare fun for the conspirators to listen to the castles in the air the poor poet erected upon the contingency of his successful love match. Finally, the actual marriage of the lady to a gentleman who has since become a general in the Federal army, dispelled the poet's dream, and when for the first time he discovered how cruelly and persistently he had been imposed upon. The shock came with too great a force to be withstood by the weak man's overstrained intellect, so, almost in a second's time, Clarke was converted from a harmless monomaniac to a confirmed lunatic. Being discovered by the police wandering about the streets, he was taken to the Tombs for protection sake, and kept for the night. Upon opening his cell on the morrow the mad poet was discovered dead, lying stark naked beneath a cotton faucet, with the water still trickling in a rivulet over his head and face, which he had turned on to cool a burning brain.

Almost contemporaneously with Clarke's death came the sudden appearance of an unknown individual, called, on account of his behavior, the "Gingerbread Man." This demented gentleman was young, of prepossessing features, sometimes tolerably well dressed, and on other occasions with garments of the most dilapidated character. His eccentricity was to cart, daily, into the midst of the noonday promenaders along Broadway, devouring as he went, a huge slice of gingerbread. Then reaching a town pump in front of the Hospital, he would wash his hands and teeth carefully, and disappear almost as mysteriously as he made his appearance. No one knew who was the stranger, no one ever spoke to him, and no one ever saw him in any other public part of the city save in the section of Broadway where he made his singular meal in his singular fashion. I have been told that this man was a son of the celebrated Blannerhassett, ruined by Aaron Burr in his Mississippi scheme, whose sorrows and afflictions form the theme of William Wirt's touching address—the finest bit of oratory ever enunciated from the American bar. It was asserted that this young man had been an artist of more than ordinary talent when discarded by a lady he loved to devotion. He brooded over his misfortune with such contemplative melancholy that he degenerated by slow degrees into a condition of confirmed lunacy. It was, moreover, stated that during his prolonged melancholy, and after his sudden termination, he had been supported wholly by the labor of an aged negress who had been his nurse during his infancy in the western paradise.

I have been acquainted with other persons occupying good positions in society whose eccentricities seem to have been born with them. I was well acquainted with James Vanick Stout, who at one time promised to become the leading sculptor of America, and yet the entire career of this gifted man was marred by his natural eccentricity. His statue of Queen Victoria, exhibited at the Stuyvesant Institute in Broadway, was pronounced by competent critics to be the best statue of the many modeled to represent the British sovereign in the earlier portion of her reign; still it was executed in direct antagonism to all previously recognized rules of art. His Fanny Elsler was a still more original flight of genius. When he was commissioned by our municipality to model a colossal statue of Washington, he executed the ear, and no argument could induce him to proceed with any other part of the work, still that was either approved or condemned. In his daily habits Mr. Stout exhibited similar peculiarities. The old gentleman, or frugal Scotchman, had been in his younger days what was termed an accountant; for, as professional bookkeepers were comparatively unknown to our smaller merchants, Mr. Allan was employed to devote a day or evening to a series of traders in succession for the reconciliation of their accounts. From this trustworthy position this gentleman rose to comparative wealth, during all which time he devoted himself to antiquarian pursuits and the formation of a numismatic collection. In its purchase of books, prints and coins he, personally penurious, was not only liberal but extravagant, as he gave agents in London and elsewhere orders to purchase books he desired at prices outvieing peers and millionaires. His only idea of the value of a book was its rarity, and to make a unique copy he would destroy a hundred others if needed for his purpose. For instance, he had an album of gigantic size, containing near four hundred different portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, and any literary man can compute how many volumes must have been mutilated to obtain this vast and unique collection.

Although his abode had become the resort of authors, artists and engravers, nothing could induce the antiquarian to alter his primitive style of living. His house was generally situated in the most obscure part of the city; into his modest domicile he would never consent to have either water or gas introduced. Some thirty years ago he moved into a house in Vandewater street, then occupied entirely by private dwellings. In course of time his neighbors deserted him, removing to more congenial districts, as tenant houses, factories and warehouses encroached upon their domestic privacy. Mr. Allan alone held out against the advancing stream of annoyance, and in his homestead died amid his books and coins, at the patriarchal age of ninety-three.

Literary men generally possess greater eccentricity than ordinary people, or, perhaps, knowledge of their whims becomes more widely disseminated. Mr. Fitz Green Halleck entertained some singular notions, especially with respect to costume, insisting upon preserving some features in his dress which had been discarded years since. Mr. Herbert was intensely eccentric in the matter of apparel, taking the trouble of sending to England and Canada for peculiar articles of wardrobe, impossible, from their antique style, to be discovered in this market. Walt. Whitman probably outstrips all literary men in this opposition to popular taste, or prejudice, if it may be taken as such, for the last time I saw him he had donned a costume evidently discarded by an inebriated car driver, for none in a perfect state of sobriety would tolerate such a style of dress for a solitary moment.

There was another Scotch gentleman, a friend of Allan's, named Thompson, who was quite as eccentric in his ordinary habits as his brother antiquary, but whose antiquarian tastes ran in a more practical direction. He was a silversmith, and occupied the house in William street, just below Fulton, in which Washington Irving had been born. I have often been in the room in which our national author first drew his breath, a single apartment with windows overlooking the rear. The house itself was a good sized two-story wooden dwelling, with a store on the first floor garnished with a door opening on two horizontal parts, over the lower of which the worthy father of the late biographer of Washington oftentimes lolled to chat, in the cool of the day, with his equally gossipping neighbors. In the collection of Mr. Thompson, consisting chiefly of objects of *vertu*, was a portion of the dinner service of the unfortunate Louis XVI., King of France, as well as many other rich memorials of the French Revolution, brought hither by the numerous Napoleonists, who preferred an asylum with us to a residence in perfidious Albion.

Another Scotsman, one of the chieftains of the then Caledonian Clan, lived in the immediate vicinity, a stalwart Highlander, any appeal to whose nationality being certain to wake the warmest response. His Christian name being Alexander, he made it a point to employ no man, and, if possible, to deal with none, unless bearing a similar cognomen. Knowledge of his predilection having got abroad, it was astonishing to observe the multiplicity of individuals suddenly rechristened. The worthy Highlander indulged in another preference slightly more difficult of gratification—he would voluntarily listen to no music except that of the bagpipe, an instrument not as common as a hand-organ. Now, the piper of the Caledonian Club chanced to be an Irishman, a good performer, but over-given to the consumption of whiskey, of which Alexander, as the piper was well aware, kept a goodly store. When the piper, always out of pocket money, as a piper should be, experienced an unquenchable thirst, he simply took his pipes, and, placing himself near Sandy's door, commenced some Gaelic melody, the strains of which no sooner reached the Highlander's ear than the piper was invited in and the whiskey bottle brought out. Strain followed strain, and a drain followed each strain, while the piper blew the wail of the Highland notes wild," until the excited Alexander succumbed to the soft influence of his country's national melodies by stretching himself out upon his work-bench, while the Irishman walked off with his pipes under one arm and his host's whiskey flask under the other, to return about a week thence to repeat an operation to which the enthusiastic Gael submitted with manly resignation.

There were two very eccentric foreign musicians who at one time became noted characters upon the streets from the extreme singularity of their personal appearance, or in the drawing room through their musical attainments; for, in those days, when pianos were, as it were, comparative novelties, and a lady who could play the "Battle of Prague," was esteemed a phenomenon, a man with a modicum of scientific attainment in music would be regarded as a veritable god-send. The great mass of musical professors were Germans, the pianos were English, our most esteemed pianos were imported from England, the ship-played pianos were decidedly from that country, and if a German master of music was occasionally wafted to our shores his advent was hailed as but little short of a miracle. No wonder, then, that when Philip Heinrich, who had been a chapel master in Bohemia, his native country, and the composer of hymns, marches and even an opera, arrived in this country, he found himself lost in a sea of musical mediocrity. But, Father Heinrich, as we were wont to style him, was nothing daunted by the want of success, but set about following matters. He instructed the young ladies en the piano and taught them to appreciate the airs of Schubert and Beethoven; played in public on the violin and familiarized us with the effort of Paganini; and finally he gave grand concerts in the Tabernacle, leading a—to us—monster orchestra of more than twenty musicians, picked up, God knows where, and drummed in harmonic shape by the indefatigable chapel master, who, through their medium, introduced some of his own compositions, "God Save the King," from the original German, and "Hail Columbia," with a prodigious number of variations. Yet the worthy Father scorned the use of a razor, and, notwithstanding the jeers of the rude boys on the corner, who satirically tendered him a loan of a shilling to have his hair cut, persisted in sporting a patriarchal beard and a crop of hair hanging over his shoulders. He moreover insisted in wearing a slouch hat of undoubted trans-Atlantic origin, and hence he obtained the reputation of eccentricity among the people at large, until upon the arrival of Italian and other foreign music mongers, who conformed more assiduously to the rules of fashion, he and his compositions were submerged beneath the increasing tide, wherein both disappeared from the further view of the musical world and that of the common populace.

Dr. Marchausen—for he was the first doctor of music we ever had among us—was likewise a music teacher and composer, while upon Sundays he officiated as organist at the French Church, which formerly stood in Pine street, opposite the site of the present Treasury buildings. In Germany he had studied alchemy, and consequently devoted his leisure hours to expensive experiments which kept him in perpetual poverty, so, as he grew old, his prior patrons deserted him, and he was forced to eke out a precarious living as a tuner of those very instruments he was wont to exercise rhapsodies upon. There are many among us who may still remember the gaunt old man with his reedy hat and threadbare overcoat reaching quite to the ground, as he emerged from his alchemical den to fulfill the orders written upon a slate nailed to his lodging house door. He was a universal favorite with the children, for he told them legends about the Sandman and other mysterious personages of Teutonic origin. Upon Sundays he was ever at his post in the church, playing voluntaries, introducing good old Huguenot hymns, until the congregation erected a marble temple at the corner of Church and Franklin street, when the pastor suggested the engagement of an organist more consonant to the spirit of the times. But the elders revolted, as they respected the old professor, and revered the time honored melodies of their pious ancestry. The triumph of the Huguenot element was short lived, for the pastor succeeded eventually in effecting the innovations, but not until after the church awarded the discarded professor a pittance to support life until he should join St. Cecelia on high.

Swimming Fete in Prussia.

A correspondent gives the following account of a swimming *fete* in Berlin:—"Between six and seven o'clock on the morning of the 17th several hundreds of the best swimmers of Berlin assembled at the river bathing establishment, founded by the late General von Pfuel. After half an hour's waiting the signal gun was fired, and the first company of swimmers entered the water and swam down to the stand. These were followed at very short intervals by eleven other parties of swimmers, numbering from ten to fifty each. The humor of the thing consisted in great measure in the variety of the costume adopted by the different divisions of this water fancy ball. At the head of the procession was a raft, made out of two large boats, carrying the band. Then followed a swan on horseback, or, to be quite exact, a man sitting on a wooden representation of that animal, which, however, must be regarded as the commander-in-chief of the expedition. Close upon him, a little behind, in order to evince respect to his rank, swam his trumpeter, who, to my thinking, performed the greatest feat of the day. Swimming with his legs alone, he employed his hands in a very respectable performance, on a large horn, of the national air, 'I am a Prussian.' The sounds came out, for the most part, full and strong, and the execution was correct, but now and then there was just a slight faltering, which painfully evidenced the intensity of the exertion. Should that gentleman, however, wish to insure his life, I think no objection need be taken by the company on the ground of any pulmonary debility. The first company was designated 'The Indies.' This temporary change of sex was marked by the adoption of feminine coiffures, little Parisian hats, chignons and parasols, held aloft with one hand, while the whiskered fair that bore them swam with the other. Next followed a company of Moors, rendered as black as the genuine sons of Africa by the aid of lamp-black and oil, at any rate the water had no effect on the complexion of their bodies. The third company represented swans, or, to speak correctly, each swimmer pushed before him a representation of that bird, all of which together constituted a sort of team, and dragged in their rear a floating throne on which there sat a remarkably corpulent water god. But it would be tedious to go through all the various companies that formed this novel water *cortege* in detail; and I will, therefore, only add that the companies that followed consisted of water lilies and water weeds, sailors, negroes, Chinese and Red Indians. The latter were particularly numerous. I must not, however, omit to mention that these were several ornamented rafts, with high platforms, from which poured one continuous stream of divers. When the whole procession had arrived opposite the grand stand the swimmers broke into loose order and gamboled about on the waves of the Spree as it (pray excuse the pun) they had never been out on such a spee before. The river is about eighty yards wide at that place, and for an extent of about a couple of hundred yards in length presented a dense crowd of swimming heads, some white, some black, some red, some tattooed, surmounted by head dresses of feathers and flowers and curious caps and hats. The effect of the whole in the bright sunshine was really very pretty, though extremely quaint, and the evident high enjoyment of the actors as they played their pranks in the cool element must have excited no small envy in the feelings of the bathing spectators, who lined the banks and had taken possession of every cognac of vantage. There were several boats ready to take up any Indians or others who might feel exhausted by an hour's swimming, but few took advantage of the precaution, and no accident occurred to mar the success of this singular *fete*."

A CURIOUS WAGER.—A correspondent acquaints us with a bet said to have been made at Elmira, N. Y., on the 4th inst., between two sporting gents. R. F. S., of New York, bets W. G. F., of Elmira, that he (R. F. S.) can send two men from Elmira to Chicago, Ill., from Chicago to New York city, and from New York city to Elmira, they to varnish furniture and sell tooth powder, the distance to be accomplished in one year, and to make above all their expenses $5,000. The stakes are said to be $2,500 a side, 50 per cent to go to the men, who are to travel as they wish, commencing Sept. 20th, and to select their own route.

"INFELIX."

BY THE LATE ADAH ISAACS MENKEN.

"Where is the promise of my years,
Once written on my brow?
Ere errors, agonies and fears
Brought with them all that speaks in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers?
Where sleeps that promise now?

"Nought lingers to redeem those hours,
Still, still to memory sweet!
The flowers that bloom in sunny bowers
Are withered all, and evil towers
Supreme above her sister powers
Of sorrow and deceit.

"I look along the columned years

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT river is closest to the *Ere*? The *Wye* to be sure.

WHY is a lawyer like a sawyer? Because whichever way he moves, down must come the dust.

TO WHAT place ought an enraptured young man to go? To Hav-re.

WHAT is the difference between a church organist and the influenza? One knows the stops, and the other stops the nose.

WHAT lady-like designation is that which is spelt forward and backward the same? Madam.

WHEN does a candle resemble a tombstone? When it is set up for a late husband.

WHAT is the difference between the rust on a watch chain and a body of soldiers defending a ravine? One defiles the guard and the other guards the defile.

"WHAT is the difference 'twixt a watch and a fodder bed, Sam?" "Dunno; giv it up." "Because de tickin' of de watch is on de inside, and de tickin' ob de bed is on de outside."

BREVITIES.

HEAVY charge of the light brigade—Gas bills.

WHO wouldn't be a fountain? It works when it plays, and plays when it works.

THE envious man grows lean by contemplating the success of another.

SPEECH is silver, but silence is gold; hence the expression, "hush money."

PEOPLE sometimes undertake to go ahead, and find they can't go a single foot.

IT may be a fair question whether a man can be said to be wedded to celibacy.

"HONESTY is the best policy." This is good as far as it goes, but it don't go a great ways now-a-days.

NEVER don't "let the sun go down upon your wrath;" no, because somebody's son may come down on you.

ALWAYS catch a lady when she faints, but don't rumple her hair; it makes her "come to" before she is fairly ready.

DOES a fish ever sleep? and if not, what was the use of making a bed to the sea?

HE who cannot forgive others, breaks the bridge over which he himself will one day want to pass.

WHAT men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.

ADAM CLARKE said he had lived to know that the secret of happiness was never to allow your energies to stagnate.

FALSEHOOD is often rocked by Truth; but she soon outgrows her cradle, and discards her nurse.

AT AN agricultural dinner the following toast was given:—"The game of fortune! Shuffle the cards as you will, spades must win."

GOLDSMITH says, "What a man wished in his youth comes in heaps to his age. Shall we not learn then to wish only the highest?"

THERE is a wonderful vigor of confirmation in a popular fallacy: when the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world.

COMPLIMENTS, carried to an extravagant extent, become rude offences. There is a material difference between prettily asking for a lock of hair, and trying to take the whole scalp.

THE calm air is disturbed when the currents of the upper regions descend into it; so the mind of man is wrought to tempest when it gives entrance to unruly thoughts and passions.

KNOWLEDGE always desires increase. It is like fire, which must be first kindled by some external agent, but which will afterwards propagate itself.

THE qualities of your friends will be those of your enemies—cold friends, cold enemies; half friends, half enemies; fervid enemies, warm friends.

WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

REMEDY FOR INJURIES.—Have any wounded you with injuries? Meet them with patience. Hasty words rankle the wound; soft language dresses it, forgiveness cures it, and oblivion takes away the scar.

LIBERTY, like Love, is as hard to keep as to win, and the exertions by which it was originally gained will be worse than fruitless if they be not followed up by the assiduities by which alone it can be preserved.

THE foot's fingers are the slaves in the republic of the body. Their bleak leathern integument is only the mark of their servile condition. They bear the burdens, while the hands, their white masters, handle the money and wear the rings.

THE MAN who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he proposed to remove.

EVERY person acquainted with the pride of human nature will believe that a course of instruction will be attended with less prejudice when set forth by a reasoning book than a dictating friend.

EDUCATION.—He that makes his son worthy of esteem by giving him a liberal education has a far better title to his obedience and duty than he that gives him a large estate without it.—*Socrates.*

LOVE one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all! The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dew drop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills.

THE most essential point in our intercourse with children is to be perfectly true ourselves. Every other interest ought to be sacrificed to that of truth. When we in any way deceive a child we not only show him a pernicious example—we also lose our own influence over him forever.

TASTE.—Too nice a taste, in no matter what, is little else than misfortune; for he who is pleased with nothing short of perfection of taste has less pleasure and less happiness than one who is more moderate in his expectations, and is contented with life as he finds it.

MERRY MOMENTS.

MORPHEUS' VICTIM.—A sleepy fellow was reproved for lying in bed so late in the morning, when he replied that he was obliged to do it to invent excuses for not getting up.

A FALSE REPORT.—Alexander Gun, an excise officer in Scotland, being dismissed from his employment for misconduct, an entry was made in a book for the purpose as follows:—A. Gun discharged for making a false report.

GOING TO SEA.—A poor lad was recently brought before the Lord Mayor, of London, who asked him whence he came. "I'm Irish, yer Honor." "Have you ever been to sea?" "Well, that's good," replied Paddy. "Does yer Honor perhaps think that I came over in a wheelbarrow?"

A BIG MEAL.—A countryman entered a New Bedford restaurant where a lot of flaming menagerie handbills were posted, and on being asked what he would have, replied "I guess I'll take a cup of coffee and three menageries."

BEHIND HIS BACK.—Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person who, being reproached with not having avenged himself for a caning, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

MISTAKING THE TIME.—An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him the first morning at a very early hour by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you; but I never eat anything during the night."

APOLOGY FOR A HAT!—An editor thus advertises his missing hat:—"The gentleman who inadvertently took our new beaver, and left an inferior article in its stead, will do us infinite kindness by returning ours, and he shall receive our warmest thanks and two apologies; an apology for the trouble we have given him, and the 'apology for a hat' he has left us."

ANGELIC CREATURE.—A gentleman at the last masked ball, meeting a lady whose husband he knew to be exceedingly jealous, exclaimed, "What, madam! you here! I thought your husband kept you under lock and key?" "So he does," replied the angelic creature; "but he's down with the typhus fever now, and I take the advantage of it to have a little fun."

FILIAL PIETY.—The following conversation, which, had it come to his knowledge, the late Mr. Leech would have used as an illustration of "Life in the Mining Districts," has just been repeated to us by an eye-witness:—First collier—Your father has been a-takin' explosions at Jackson's pits. Second collier—My feyther worked there. First collier—Yes, and he is blowed all to pieces. Second collier—By gum; why he'd got my knoife.

TIMELY ADVICE.—Timon, the misanthrope, one day ascended the rostrum and thus addressed the people:—"Athenians! I have a small piece of ground on which I mean to build. There is a fig tree in it which I must cut down. Several citizens have hanged themselves on this tree, and if any one of you desire to do the same, I now give you notice that you have not a moment to lose."

SCENE: A BOOKSELLER'S SHOP.—Old lady—I wish to purchase a copy of Lord Byron's works, bound in calf. Shopman—Yes ma'am; will this one suit you? Old lady—The calf looks dull and blotched; can you show me another? Shopman—They are all the same, I can assure you, ma'am; its in consequence of the cattle plague. Old lady buys the book, perfectly satisfied.

NOT AN EXPERIMENTALIST.—"Wherever you find many men you will find many minds," exclaimed a public speaker. "Tain't so, by jingo!" responded one of his auditors; "if you'd only ask this whole crowd out to take a drink you'd find em all of one mind." The lecturer "caved" without trying the experiment.

NOT RECITABLE.—The following capital story is credited to Garrison, the abolitionist. An unlucky fellow, whose name we may as well call John Brown, became the subject of church censure and discipline, and a vote of expulsion was about being passed, when a messenger came in and announced that an outside meeting had been held and that the outsiders had resolved not to receive Mr. Brown back among them unless returned in as good condition as when the church took him.

A TOPER'S STRATEGY.—A young man in Bath, N. Y., wanted a drink, but was hard up for the wherewithal. He saw a farmer's team hitched beside the curb—unscrewed one of the nuts that held the wheels on—farmer appeared and was about to drive off—young man hailed him and "thought it looked as if a nut was gone from the wagon"—kindly offered to help farmer find it—looked back along the road, and presently picked up the nut—farmer, with a profusion of thanks, offered him a half dollar, which was reluctantly accepted, of course.

A GENTLEMAN who had lost his wife, whose maiden name was Little, addressed the following to Miss Moore, a lady of diminutive stature:—

"I've lost the Little once I had—
My heart is sad and sore;
So now I should be very glad
To have a little Moore."

To which the lady sent the following answer:—

"I pity much the loss you've had,
The grief you must endure;
The heart of Little made so sad
A little Moore won't cure."

AN EPIGRAM ON PATIPS WEDDING.

"For Diral's reasons to be wed
Patti resolved, we know;
Co-partnership, no doubt, was one
That made her take a Caux."

EGG STORY.—A student at a military academy had copied a drawing of a scene in Venice, and in copying the title he had spelt the name of the city "Venice," the drawing master put his pen through the superfluous letter, observing, "Don't you know, sir, there is but one 'hen' in Venice?" On which the young beast cut laughing. Being asked what he was laughing about, he replied he was thinking how uncommonly scarce eggs must be there. The master, in wrath, reported him to the colonel in command, a Scotchman. He, on hearing the disrespectful reply, without in the least perceiving the point of the joke, observed, "An' a verra natural observation, too."

—A bear fraud was recently committed in the streets of Quebec, C. E., by a man who exhibited them. He was arrested because of the supposed danger, but on being brought into court it was shown that the bears were only boys in bear skins. They were advised to for your such practices.

THE RING.

JOHN C. HEENAN vs. MIKE McCOOLE.

WILL A MATCH BE MADE BETWEEN THEM?

WHAT THE MEN THINK OF IT.

For some weeks past all sorts of rumors have been in circulation in reference to negotiations said to have been entered into between John C. Heenan and Mike McCoole for a championship match, but nothing official having been received we have refrained from alluding to the subject hitherto. We were aware that such a proposition had been made to the "Benicia Boy" by a prominent leader of sport in the Quaker City, and that Heenan did not at the time seemingly object to a meeting with the Mississippi Hercules, but whether he was still agreeable we were not assured until a few days ago, when in conversation with us, he stated that although not anxious to again enter the ring, if the gentleman above alluded to saw proper to make overtures to McCoole, he (Heenan) would make his word good. Thus the matter stands at present. No formal challenge has been issued, nor, we believe, has either party received a communication, verbal or otherwise, directly from the representatives of the other. From the following, which we clip from the Cincinnati *Enquirer* of the 13th inst., it appears that the western boxer is willing that the matter should be satisfactorily settled:—

"It is well known by all of our readers that after the decided fizzle of the Coburn-McCoole match at Cold Springs, Indiana, on the 27th of May last, and after the two combatants (?) had been released from their cells in the Lawrenceburg jail, McCoole published a card, claiming the stakes, $10,000 in all, and the championship of the United States. The card, among other papers, was published in the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the editor and proprietor of which, Mr. Frank Queen, not only refused to give up the stakes, but absolutely declined acknowledging the western champion as champion of the United States. This made the giant somewhat wrathy, and he again addressed a communication to Mr. Queen. This gentleman, thinking the difficulty was not one of his, referred the document (at the same time giving it an insertion) to Joe Coburn. This card of McCoole's was to the effect that Coburn had knowingly caused his (McCoole's) arrest, and finding that he (McCoole) had given bonds and was willing to forfeit them in order to have a meeting in a twenty-four foot ring, then caused his own arrest, and thereby the writer of the card claimed he had lost the battle-money. Mr. Queen could not, however, see the matter in the same light as did the western champion, and, as we have already said, referred the whole subject to Coburn. Coburn, on perusing the letter, became, so our eastern exchanges say, terribly excited. He charged McCoole with being a liar, a scoundrel, and offered to fight him at five minutes' notice. He moreover told his friends that he had dared McCoole to put up his hands in the jail yard at Lawrenceburg. A card to this effect was written out and published in the CLIPPER. McCoole saw it, and in return became considerably excited. He said that Coburn was afraid to meet him; that he never intended to do so when articles were signed; and, moreover, he totally denied the assertion made by his opponent that he, Coburn, ever offered to put up his hands at Lawrenceburg. 'If he had,' said McCoole, 'I would have whipped him in five minutes.'

"This card met with a response from Coburn, and so the controversy continued until Mr. Queen became thoroughly disgusted, announced in his columns that he did not believe either man meant fight, and declined to allow the controversy to be continued through his columns longer. He also announced that if the parties did not meet within one week from that time and make arrangements to settle the difficulty he would return the stakes, $5,000 a side, to the parties that had made the deposits. The week expired, and McCoole not appearing, the battle money was equally divided, forwarded to the respective men, and Mr. Queen washed his hands of the whole miserable fizzle.

"Immediately after this, there was considerable talk of a match between McCoole and Heenan. The well known skill and science of the latter and the immense strength of the former caused the patrons of the ring to expect lively times ahead. For weeks, however, no definite action was had, and the sporting fraternity came to the conclusion that the story had originated in the fertile brain of some lover of sensation. We had about come to the same conclusion ourselves, and when we heard, a few days ago, that Heenan had authorized the match to be made, we looked upon the statement as mere idle rumor. Such, however, we now believe is not the case, and we, this morning, state on what we consider the best authority, that John Franklin, of this city, has been authorized by Mr. Heenan and his friends, to make the match for $10,000 a side, the fight to come off six weeks from the day of signing articles.

"Happening to be in St. Louis the other day, and knowing the facts stated above, we called upon McCoole, at his saloon, corner of Fifth and Wash streets. We found the western giant, who received us with the utmost kindness. The building in which this saloon is situated is a one story frame, and does not make a very stylish appearance either outside or in. This, however, seems to make no difference to the proprietor, as he does an immense business. The general run of his custom, however, is not first class. McCoole spoke freely and without reserve respecting the late match between Coburn and himself. He stigmatized the former as a complete fraud, and said that he had no idea he ever meant fight, not even when he went into training. On hearing this we reminded the western champion of the slight misunderstanding which occurred between them in a ring a few years ago. On this subject, however, the giant was silent. We next asked him if he had received any intelligence of the proposed challenge from Heenan. In reply he said that he had received no information concerning it, but understood that he would soon be the recipient of one. He said that when he entered the ring at Cold Springs, Indiana, and found his antagonist missing, he made up his mind, and so announced, that he would never engage in prize fighting again. This resolve, he said, was strengthened by his recent marriage. If, however, he said, his friends insisted upon it he would fight Heenan, or any other man in the United States, for any amount of money, pay or play. Unless the words pay or play were inserted in the articles of agreement, however, he would not sign them. We asked him why he was so particular about the words being inserted. He replied by saying that he had once been defrauded of the battle money, which he could have easily won, by magisterial interference, and he proposed to place himself on a surer footing next time.

"At this stage in the conversation the giant was informed that his newly wedded wife desired his presence in the adjoining room, and so it ended. McCoole appears to be in as good condition as when we saw him enter the ring at Cold Springs. He is naturally more fleshy, and stated to us that he weighed 248 and 250 pounds. He has a remarkably clear eye, and there seems to be very little soggy flesh on his face. Heenan, as our readers are probably aware, is in fine condition, and should these gladiators come together within an enclosure on the green sward, a terrific struggle may be anticipated."

THE ENGLISH LAW ON PRIZE FIGHTING.—The following opinion, delivered by Baron Bramwell in his summing up, in the trial at the Central Court, London, England, respecting the fatal glove fight between Young and Wilmot, will be found of interest to our readers:—"Mr. Baron Bramwell, in summing up the case to the jury, said that they and he must take care that their dislike of a particular thing did not lead them to do an act of injustice. He could not have seen these two men knock each other so much about that they did not know whether they stood on their head or their heels; but, to say the honest truth, there was no very great harm about that, because people fond of athletic sports were always more or less exposed to that sort of thing. For instance, in wrestling, which was a most manly sport, it was a great thing for a man to throw his adversary right over his head. But they must take care that they did not let their disgust at such things go beyond what was reasonable. He was of opinion that a contest, although it was for money, if it was not likely to lead to a breach of the peace, or to cause injury to the persons engaged in it *was not unlawful*. It made no difference whether it was carried on for money. He never yet heard it said that a wrestling match was unlawful because it was waged for money. It seemed to him, also, that it was not unlawful if it was not dangerous. There was danger in playing cricket and in running and riding. The question was whether it was so dangerous as to be called a dangerous thing; but it was not an unlawful thing merely because there was some danger in it. If the matter had stopped there he might have said there was no case on which to convict the prisoners; but after consulting his brother Byles he thought there was some evidence to show that the fight was continued until the men were in such a condition as not to be so much master of themselves to be so able to protect themselves from injury as when they first began. He thought the evidence was of the very weakest character. Still, if the jury thought the struggle was so protracted that a continuance of it was dangerous to life or health, it would be unlawful for the men to continue, and they ought to find the prisoners guilty. But he cautioned them very strongly on this point. They ought not to be influenced by the fact that the man died. The injury was received in the fair; still, if they thought the fall was the result of a struggle, continued when it was dangerous to the life or health of the two combatants, it would seem to him to have been doing that which was unlawful at the end, but, to his mind, not unlawful at the commencement. The original contest was perfectly lawful, and the death of the man Wilmot was an accident, and not a direct result of the struggle."

THE BRITISH CHAMPIONSHIP—WRANGLE ABOUT THE STAKES.—*Bell's Life* of the 5th inst. contains the following ascent the Goss-Allen fizzle:—"On the life-boat on a point of the course there was a rush made to the stakeholder's, but the release being so late in the afternoon no meeting was held, although we are informed some stormy arguments were used elsewhere, the Wolverhampton party stating that they were entitled to claim, from the fact that Allen was arrested on his way up, while their man escaped; and the Manchester division being no less urgent in asserting that Goss and his party were the cause of the arrest. This, although reiterated before us, could not be substantiated in the least, the public statement having been made by the inspector that neither man was cognizant of the warrant, etc., and that it was the best thing that could have happened, as they had received orders to proceed to further extremes, well knowing a water trip was intended, and had provided accordingly. Allen called upon us on Thursday and stated his willingness to let the money be down until the heavy ball was out, or draw if Goss was agreeable, and has since returned to Manchester. Goss has called twice, and insists upon our ordering them to fight, regardless of responsibilities; therefore, we told him our decision would be known in these pages on the following morning, which is that each man must draw his stakes, and the money will be paid on Tuesday at twelve o'clock."

BILLY EDWARDS AND DOONEY HARRIS AT THE CAPITAL.—On Saturday night, 12th inst., the above boxers had a joint "ben," at the Canterbury, Washington, D. C., but it was not as remunerative as had been anticipated, owing, in a measure, to the storm which unluckily prevailed that evening. The music commenced with a bout between a couple of novices, who displayed fair sparring abilities. This was followed by a friendly contest between two kids and "Shorty" of Oyster Bay and "Dublin Tricks," after which Dooney Harris and Teddy Ryan showed up. Two kids and two novices appeared, and then came another very good show with Baldy Sours and Teddy Ryan, being about evenly matched, and showing some fine science. Charley Hurdle here appeared on the stage, and read a few appropriate remarks, presented Billy Edward's with Collyer's colors, which he had won on the Cone. Billy responded briefly. Harris and Billy then wound up the performance. This was quite a fine bout, and the men were heartily applauded by the crowd. Johnny Clark acted as master of ceremonies.

JEM WARD'S FAREWELL BENEFIT.—The veteran ex-champion of the British pugilistic arena, Jem Ward, has given up the resolve, expressed upon his arrival amongst us, of making his future residence in this country, and purposes returning to Liverpool in a couple of weeks. For the purpose of giving the old gentleman a good send-off, his friends in the metropolis and vicinity have tendered him a farewell testimonial, which will take place at 600 Broadway, about the only place now obtainable by the fraternity, on Monday evening, Sept. 28th. A large array of talent of various kinds is announced, and an excellent sporting entertainment may be expected.

SHARP FIGHT IN THE FAR WEST.—Billy Luker and Sol Cook, of Omaha, Nebraska, having had a "falling out" about something not necessary to know, concluded to settle it by a milling match for a stake of half a century a side, and the affair took place in the presence of a few friends on the 13th inst. Luker hails from the Queen City, and stands 5ft. 6in. in height, and weighs 145lbs., while Cook formerly resided at St. Louis, is two inches taller and weighs 170lbs. Joe Herres was referee, and Bill was seconded by Dan Smith, while R. D. Curry looked after Cook. Luker gained first blood and first knock down in the first round and won at the end of the seventh. Time, 25 minutes.

SCRAPPING MATCH NEAR THE CAPITAL.—A couple of young fellows, named respectively Stallings, of Georgetown, D. C., and Magee, of Arlington, are said to have recently "went a fist" at a place called Lyons' Dam, not far from the nation's capital. They contended 43 rounds in 57 minutes, when it was decided a draw, and the stakes ($200) were returned to the men. About one hundred persons were present at the mill.

BILLY EDWARDS and his traveling companion, Dooney Harris, are to give an exhibition at Washington Hall, corner of Eighth and Spring Garden streets, Philadelphia, on Thursday, Sept. 24th.

BASE BALL.

GRAND CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH.

Union, of Morrisania, vs. Mutual, of New York.

THE CHAMPIONS GAIN AN EASY VICTORY.

SCORE 28 TO 12.

The first game of the championship series between the famous Union Club, of Morrisania, and the noted Mutual Club, of New York, drew together some 6,000 or 8,000 spectators at the Union ground on the 18th inst. Of all the games for the championship which have taken place this season, this was the poorest exhibition of fielding that has been seen, and with the exception of some fine batting by the Unions, was rather tame and uninteresting. In view of the Waterloo defeat which the Unions had received at the hands of the Atlantics a week or two ago, the interest in the present contest was considerably augmented. Speculation had been rife for some time, and as a slight indication of what was thought of the result (by the friends of the Mutuals, at least) it is only necessary to state that the New York club had the call in betting at the odds of nearly two to one.

The weather—an essential element in out-door sports—was delightful. Of all the months September is best suited to ball playing. The sun is rarely too powerful for exercise in the open air, and there is always plenty of air stirring. The attendance, as noted above, was not as large as usual at first-class matches, but the spectators were enthusiastic, and before the game lost its interest by becoming too one-sided, evinced the liveliest feeling in the progress. The ladies, who were out in more than usual numbers, graced the occasion by their presence, and gave an air of refinement to the sport.

At 3 o'clock the Unions, having won the toss, took the field. McMahon, who led off for the Unions, fell a victim to Birdsall on a foul fly; Dockney, after hitting twice ineffectually, made a terrific hit to centre field over Austin's head, and made his third base; Wolters made his base by a muff of Wright's, and went to third on a wild throw by the same player; Pike struck feebly to Shelley and went out at first; Galvin, after making his base on a clean hit to left field, was forced at second on Stockman's hit, closing the innings for two runs. Goldie, who was the spokesman of the Union party, took his second on one of those peculiar fair-foul hits that strike in front of the home plate and bound off into the foul field; Flanly and Galvin cared for Austin; Martin gave Galvin a chance on a fly catch and retired; Pabor took his base on three balls, and Goldie scored; Wright had a life given to him by Flanly; Birdsall closed the innings by fouling out to Dockney, which the latter caught prettily on a run. One run.

The second innings was opened by Stockman, but Reynolds retired him on a well-taken fly catch; Devyr drove the ball to centre field, and on a wild throw of Birdsall's reached his third; Swandel brought him home, though he was batted at first himself by Pabor's throw; Flanly made a strong hit to short centre field, and Wright made a pretty running catch of it. On the champions' turn at the bat they were handsomely retired without scoring—Ayres and Goldie struck out, and Reynolds on short fly to Stockman; Shelley, who got first on a safe hit, being left at third.

McMahon, who again led off for the Mutuals, retired without reaching his base, Pabor and Goldie attending to him; Dockney made another staving hit to the outer field, and came home on Wolters' stroke to left field, which Ayres took nicely; Pike hit well for his base, but before he could get round, Galvin was third out on a magnificent throw of Wright's to Goldie. Austin first to the bat again, retired for the second time by the fielding of Flanly to Galvin; Martin fouled to Dockney; Pabor earned his base on balls, and came home on Wright's stroke, which yielded him three "logs;" Birdsall gave Stockman a chance, but "Rocks" muffed the ball, and then threw it wildly to Galvin, and Dave cleared the bases and came home himself, just in time, for Shelley went out on a fly to Stockman. The score was now a tie—four each. The fourth innings would have been a "whitewash" for the Unions, but after two hands were out Goldie muffed an easy chance, and the Mutuals added four to their score. The Mutuals, as if to make matters even in the muffing line, gave the Unions seven runs in their turn at the bat, when two or three was all they were entitled to on clean hits. This left the totals 11 to 8.

The result of the fifth innings virtually decided the contest. The Mutuals were blanked, and the Unions, having got the range of Wolters, hit him away at will, five runs being the result. With the score 16 to 8 in their favor, the Unions dashed ahead with confidence, widening the distance between them and their opponents in each innings, the Mutuals, on the contrary, batted feebly and fielded wretchedly, and were whitewashed four times in succession. At the finish they made a slight "spurt" and scored four runs, and the game closed with the totals of 28 to 12.

Learning wisdom by their experience in the Atlantic's game, the Union had their nine properly placed on this occasion, and as a matter of course, played better. Reynolds, who played in most of the games on the western trip, was in his regular position at right field. The rest of the nine were in their right places. Smith had intended to play, but not being on hand when the game was called, Ayers was substituted. The Mutuals had out a representative nine, but not as good as they can put in the field. To make matters worse, the players were changed round so frequently that it was a difficult matter to keep track of them. In this way, Galvin played first base, short stop and right field; Swandel commenced at third, went to first, and afterwards (in the eighth innings, when the change could be of no ultimate benefit) changed off with Wolters, who went to third; Stockman played short and first base; and Devyr right field and short stop. Of course Galvin, who was captain of the nine, thought these changes were essential, or he would not have made them. He made a serious error, however, in not sending Swandel in to pitch on the fifth innings, after the Unions had punished Wolters for seven runs. When he took the field himself he should have sent McMahon to the right, where he is used to playing, and took his old Atlantic position at second base in the field. These changes might not have made any difference, but they would have exhibited better judgment, decidedly.

Amid all the poor playing on either side, there were many exhibitions of individual playing which call for special mention. Of the Unions, George Wright excelled at the bat and in the field. With the willow he did wonders, his last three hits yielding him clean home runs, two of which he made in the seventh innings. Two or three stops and throws to Goldie were remarkable in their way and called forth applause. Birdsall, by a handsome throw to Wright, put out Devyr very nicely. Dave also caught Swandel prettily at the home base, from a throw of Wright's. Flanley played more in his old style than in the Fashion Course game, and made his play by one of the prettiest double plays of the season. He took a fine ball sharp from Wright's bat, and stepping on second base, cut off Pabor before that gentleman could get back. Swandel was, as usual, very effective, either at third or first. Dockney put out the most players and led the score, disposing of nine on fouls and four on strikes, and making one out and four runs. With the exceptions noted above, the balance of the players did nothing to distinguish themselves, and we have only to refer to the appended score:—

MUTUAL.	H.	R.	L.	F.
McMahon, c.f.	2	2	1	1
Dockney, c.	1	4	0	2
Wolters, p.	2	2	0	0
Pike, l.f.	4	0	1	1
Galvin, 1st b.	3	1	1	2
Stockman, s.s.	4	0	1	2
Devyr, r.f.	3	1	1	0
Swandel, 3d b.	4	1	0	0
Flanly, 2d b.	3	1	0	1
Totals	27	12	5	13

UNION.	H.	R.	L.	F.
Goldie, 1st b.	1	5	1	1
Austin, c.f.	5	4	0	2
Martin, 2d b.	2	0	0	0
Pabor, p.	2	4	1	0
Wright, s.s.	1	6	1	2
Birdsall, c.	1	2	1	2
Shelley, 3d b.	3	1	1	1
Ayres, l.f.	4	1	1	2
Reynolds, r.f.	4	1	1	1
Totals	27	28	7	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	2	1	1	4	0	0	0	0	4	—12
Union	4	0	0	0	7	5	8	1	3	—28

Home runs—McMahon, 1; Wright, 3. Outs on bases—Mutual, 14; Union, 6. Foul bound catches—Dockney, 7; Birdsall, 3. Struck out—Goldie, 1; Martin, 1; Ayres, 1; Reynolds, 1—Unions, 4. Outs on foul balls—Mutuals, 3; Unions, 1. Umpire—Mr. Ellis, of the Alantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Catte and Rush. Time of game—Two hours.

"DOWN IN ALABAM."

A game of a very interesting character was contested at Fort Deposit, Ala., on Sept. 5th, between the Greenville Club, of Greenville, and the Fort Deposits, an extensive congregation of ladies and gentlemen being present to witness the play. Little can be said of individual playing, where hardly a palpable error occurred, the winners owing their success more to heavy batting than the poor fielding of their opponents, Padgett and W. Payne respectively making two or three strikes that should have been home, but the in-field in the diamond had been ploughed only a day or two before. The pitcher of the Fort Deposits is evidently an old player, leading the batting score, and as an accurate thrower to bases is hard to beat, more especially to the 2d. He and catcher apparently had an understanding, for if a runner stepped out a yard from the base, the ball somehow came at him with much vigor, always finding a baseman ready and able to take "'em in." Early in the game Penshaw, 1st baseman, was hit badly in the eye while trying to catch in carpet-bagger style by the short stop, a high fly, coming from toward the sun, and was obliged to retire. A fine double play in the 9th innings can hardly be surpassed. Little struck a high and long fly to L. Perdue, which was handsomely taken, and quickly fielded to Tierney at 2d, thence to Payne at 1st, putting out Harvey, who had started for 2d, thinking the county safe, but though he ran back right lively, the ball was there. We give the score below:—

GREENVILLE.	H.	L.	R.
Padgett, s.s.	2	0	5
Mallett, c.	3	0	5
Felder, 3d b.	2	0	3
W. Payne, 1st b.	2	0	2
L. Perdue, r.f.	3	0	1
R. A. Payne, l.f.	3	0	1
L. Perdue, c.f.	2	0	1
Jones, p.	3	0	5
Tierney, 2d b.	0	0	1
Total	21	0	23

FORT DEPOSIT.	H.	L.	R.
Allen, 2d b.	5	0	1
Little, c.f.	3	0	3
Cooner, s.s.	2	0	3
C. B. Reuther, c.	1	0	1
Penshaw, 1st b.	1	0	1
Merrill, p.	0	0	0
J. S. Reuther, 1st b.	1	0	1
Goodson, r.f.	1	0	1
Harvey, 2d b.	0	0	0
Total	14	0	14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Fort Deposit	0	10	1	3	4	4	1		1—23
Greenville	0	0	3	0	1	12	0	15	0—31

Called balls—Jones, 7; Merrill, 7. Passed balls—Mallett, 6; Padgett, 4; W. Payne, 1; Felder, 3—total, 14. C. B. Reuther, 7. Foul catches—Padgett, 1; W. Payne, 1—total, 2. C. B. Reuther, 6; J. S. Reuther, 1—total, 7. Catches on strikes—Mallett, 4; Padgett, 1; Felder, 1—total, 6. C. B. Reuther, 2. Double plays—L. Perdue, Tierney and W. Payne. Umpire—Mr. Sleiss, of Greenville, Ala. Time of game—Three hours.

TYPE STICKERS WIELD THE BAT.

On Sept. 11th a picked nine of typos from the Forest City proceeded to Detroit to play their brother compositors of that place. The match came off on the following day and terminated as per the appended score:—

CLEVELAND.	H.	R.
Shade, 2d b.	2	6
Moon, r.f.	5	3
C. Whitehead, c.	2	8
Green, 3d b.	2	8
Klingman, p.	0	9
W. Whitehead, s.s.	1	8
Ernst, l.f.	1	4
Cook, 1st b.	3	7
Hinman, c.f.	4	5
Total	25	58

DETROIT.	H.	R.
McAndrews, 2d b.	3	8
Christian, 1st b.	3	9
Witherspoon, c.	3	7
Holt, s.s.	3	7
Hoekster, c.f.	5	1
Beebe, l.f.	3	4
Hatter, 3d b.	2	3
Chapin, r.f.	2	1
Swan, p.	3	1
Total	27	45

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Cleveland	6	7	0	6	2	0	3	2	5	—31
Detroit	7	0	6	2	0	3	2	3	5	—28

Fly catches—Klingman, 6; Moon, 1—total—Cleveland, 7. McAndrews, 1; Witherspoon, 6; Holt, 2; Beebe, 1—total—Detroit, 10. Double plays—Klingman and Green, 1. Umpire—Mr. S. Knowlton, Ann Arbor B. B. C. Scorers—C. W. Burgess and James Walker. Time of game—Three hours and twenty-five minutes.

DUNKIRK vs. WAVERLY.

Below is the score of a match game for the championship of the southern tier of counties, N. Y., between the Empires, of Dunkirk, and Cayugas, of Waverly, played at Hornellsville, Sept. 14th:—

EMPIRE.	H.	R.
Cooper, c.	3	4
Chester, p.	2	5
Wood, s.s.	1	4
Murphy, 1st b.	5	2
Darcy, 1st b.	2	5
Kelly, 2d b.	2	5
Bond, r.f.	3	3
Platt, c.f.	3	1
Tracy, 3d b.	3	5
Total	35	37

CAYUGA.	H.	R.
Pearce, 2d b.	4	2
Marsh, 1st b.	3	4
Morgan, s.s.	3	5
Gay, 3d b.	2	4
Chambers, r.f.	3	5
Johnson, p.	3	5
Brooks, c.f.	3	5
Cornell, 1f.	1	0
Smith, c.	3	5
Total	30	37

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Empire	13	4	2	0	2	2	0	2	10	—35
Cayuga	1	0	0	2	0	3	1	0	1	4—19

Umpire—J. W. Burnham.

THE CLIPPERS DEFEAT THE EAGLES.—On the 11th inst. the Clipper Club, of Lowell, Mass., had a contest with the Eagles, of Natick. The game was very exciting, and the play was shown on either side, the K's having it all their own way. Eust, but the superior batting of the C's in the eighth inning secured for them the victory by the following score:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Clipper	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	4	—7
Eagle	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—7

Umpire—J. H. Wright. Scorer—F. E. Fitts.

THE "HAYMAKERS" AT WORK.

THEY "MOW DOWN" THE MUTUALS.

On the 18th inst. the Mutual Club, of New York, visited Lansingburgh, N. Y., to play the home-and-home game of their match with the well-known Union "Haymakers" of that place. On the annual visit of the Mutuals to Lansingburg on the 6th of August, they were defeated by the Unions with a score of 32 to 12. The return game was played on the Union Ground, L. I., on Aug. 26, and this time the tables were turned, the Unions being the defeated club, the score standing 32 to 10. For reasons satisfactory to themselves, the Mutuals determined to play the third and deciding

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

TAKE NOTICE.—A stamped envelope, with address, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for.

Edward C. Davenport
Washburn's Show,
Tim Hayes,
Jas. Eastman,
Arnold Jones,
Ralph Phelps,
Wm. H. Houzh,
Chas. Holloway,
C. H. Duprez (2),
John McCourt,
Fitz Simmons,
Louis Henderson,
Wm. K. Lavake,
Chas. Morris,
Hartel & Maxwell (2),
Skiff and Gaylord,
Harry Mortimer,
David B. Prince,
Prof. Sands,
E. T. Stetson,
C. W. Kidder,
Dick Hannan,
P. A. Anderson,
Frank Uffner,
Chas. Vivian,
Frank Wood,
John Maywood,
Charley Pettingill,
Geo. E. Peckham,
Fish & Thornton,
J. S. Potter,
R. F. Herz,
Master Wagner,
W. H. Naylor,
Emerson, Allen and Manning,
Sig. Farantz,
David Banks,
Wm. Newcomb,
Fannie Forrest,
Wellie Anderson,
Mollie Williams,
Vic Howord (2),
Nellie Whitney,
Mlle. Tournour (2),
Mad. Macaire,
Eloise Clyde,
Mrs. Jas. A. Oates,
Ada Nixon,
Fred. Wilson,
J. E. Green,
Willis Cobb,
W. F. B.,
New Orleans Minstrels,
Geo. Thatcher,
Sydney Cook (3),
Sam Cole,
Harry Wharfe,
Thos. Donnelly,
Thos. McNulty,
Johnny Lawton,
D. darkens,
J. W. Blaisdell,
Sam Sharpley,
Wm. Rollande (2),
John Bryan,
Williams & Sanford,
Chas. Correll,
J. R. Healey,
C. Amory Bruce,
Wm. Pillore,
Joe Gaylord,
Frank P. Dobson,
Joe Lang,
Fred. Lawrence,
S. F. Simonds,
J. Z. Little,
A. Waldron,
John Nathaus,
David Williams,
E. P. Kendall,
Harry Richmond,
W. W. Phelps,
H. H. Sowers,
Mark Bates,
W. F. Hogle,
W. H. Gilman,
David Pauldiaz,
Kate Fisher,
Susie Herring,
May Foxe,
Naomi Porter,
Nellie Haward,
Mrs. Mary Hunter,
Effie Germon,
Fanny Ryan,
Alice Kingsbury,
Sallie Western,
John Carroll,
C. C. Chase,
Geo. Barton,
Johnny Keegan,
Felix McDonald,
John Mouider,
Boby Neukam,
Jerry Hopper (2),
Eg. C. Howes,
L. M. W. Steere (2),
Edward Flanagan,
T. G. Canham,
Frank Barry,
C. L. Church,
I. M. Wickwire,
J. C. Percy,
J. J. Showles,
M. Wakefield,
John Overton,
Claude De Havens,
E. Warden,
Robert Lane,
D. G. Waldron,
Chas. Morrison,
J. H. O'Connor,
Brookes & Fyffe (2),
Eugene Gorman,
Wm. Maddera,
Ferd. Gilbert,
Geo. Mankin,
T. E. Owens,
T. H. Jefferson,
Sam Case,
W. Hilton,
Chas. R. Moore,
C. J. Fyffe,
W. J. Jacobs,
Harry Macarthy,
Lew Hallett,
Harry Holmes,
Anna Everett,
Mollie Bernard,
Alice La Fevre,
Melinda Nagle,
Ida Devere,
Annie Byron 22c.,
Mary Madden,
Fanny Archer,
Fanny Herring.

Notice.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

City Summary.

MONDAY, Sept. 21, 1868.

A REMARKABLE CHANGE in the weather during the early part of the past week made our places of amusement more attractive and the performances more enjoyable, the sudden cold snap of the 16th, when snow fell in certain portions of the country, and ice formed in other parts, giving a zest to indoor recreations such as we have not experienced since early spring. The minstrel halls, especially, came in for an increased attendance, each and all of them being crowded during the week, many of our most influenzal citizens, as "our Jim" says, contributing by their presence to show what a hold the dark drama has upon our affections.....It is seldom we trouble ourself with the fashions of the day, but duty compels us to take up the sword and wield it against the social evil now becoming epidemic among the women of America. We bow down to everything foreign, even though native productions may excel them; but this last innovation must be throttled in its infancy, or the domestic circle may be diverted from its hitherto straightforward and virtuous course, and set out upon a bender. The Grecian Bend, or Corinthian Curve, or by whatever name it may be known, is creating great havoc among our gushing young beauties, while even staid matrons are not proof against its insidious wiles. We playfully asked a young actress who called upon us the other day, whether she could Grecian Bend. "Of Corsican!" said she, "earn't you see?" One glance as she circled round the circumscribed sanctum convinced us that she had it bad. This thing must be stopped. For more than a year we suffered all the terrible inflictions of the "*Black Crook!*" For mercy's sake do not compel us to endure such a long season of the *Back* Crook! Let all who are in the early stages of this disease take warning by the sad story we are about to relate concerning

THE BACK CROOK.

A SAD BUT TRUE TALE.

Miss Flora Gushing was by all acknowledged fashion's Queen,
And many a scene of splendor grand was by her subjects seen;
As she went so the nobs all went—whate'er she did was well—
She joined the Saratoga *ring*, and soon became the *belle*.

Her form and face were faultertess, her name without a stain,
Her dress was *locomotive*-like, it had so long a *train*;
But dire misfortune seized the girl, and caused her mournful end;
Disease it took her off right *straight*; 'twas called the Grecian *Bend*.

She grew much worse, yet she received not pity, but abuse—
And though she never had looked *lost*, they said she then looked *loose*;
Her parents were in deepest grief—their hearts with pain were rent—
Yet still this girl with Grecian *Bend* kept following her *bent*.

At last when she found that her ways her friends and parents troubled,
And that her form lost half its charms, although she thought it doubled,
She said henceforth she'd stand erect—which when she tried to do,
She'd grown so stiff that, in *one word*, the damsel *broke in two!*

.....As we said before, this *cold snap* keeps the theatres wide *open* and managers on the *watch*. "Our Jim" says he knows a man who has a *gold snap* on his *watch*, but it always keeps it *shut*. Doubtless this was intended as a joke, but a more tame attempt we never heard. The truth is, Jim's good enough in his way, but he has no genuine wit. What little he *does* know he obtained through our desire to make something of him, to make him useful to society, and a source of merriment to the fun-loving community. A few days ago, not knowing but that we should be wanted at a moment's notice to stump the State for Seymour and Grant, we asked him if he would be *willin* to take charge of this department during our absence. "Oh, yes," says he, with a waggish shake of his curiously-formed head, "Oh, yes, I'm the *villain*-ist man in New York." Then we said to him: "At Niblo's they are going to present a new play—'After Dark!'" "Well," replied he, "I don't see how they could present it at *any other time*." The ignorant embryo critic didn't even know that we referred to the name of the play; it will be long before it's after dark with him. We asked him if he'd been to Bryant's yet to see "Lucrezia Borgia." "Bet yer boots on that, old boss," he responded; "I've been where *Lucrezia bores yer*, and isn't *Eugene hage in it* though?" The reader will perceive that James does not really understand what he hears or sees when he goes to a place of amusement. That Fifth avenue term put him off color a trifle. "Have you heard what is going on at the New York Theatre?" we said to him just after he returned from his lunch route, last Saturday. "Why," says he, "the Worrells', in *this year* '1868,' have been put 'Out in the Streets,' and *this yer* chap thinks it's mighty 'Foul Play.'" You will perceive that Jim has a bit of fun about him, but it's in a crude state. Brougham has not announced his opening yet, we suggested. "No," replied Jim, "but he has made a *Prior* announcement!" [Referring, probably, to the fact of the engagement of Mrs. J. J. Prior.—Ed.] "The latest from the Olympic is that Fox has lost the power of speech, and so the bill remains unchanged." "I don't know how *that* can be," says Jim, always ready with his retort, "for if you'd see the *stamps* they take in there every night you'd think they could change *any* bill." Another instance of Jim's ignorance and incomprehensibility. "What about the dancers? We don't hear much about them since the White Fawn attracted the dear creatures to Philadelphia." "They haint no good," retorted Jim, in an ill-humor; "I hear too much about 'em; they're frauds and dead beats; John Allen and Slocum, and Tommy Hadden, and Kit Burns, and all that Water street kit, isn't no worse than some of them there dancin' gurls—they git a fellow to throw 'em bokets, and treat 'em, and try to bolster 'em up, and give 'em oyster stews, but deuce an bit do they ever want to spend an evenin' with 'em, then we must 'ask their mothers' leave,' I think they've *got* any mothers; it looks like a put up job to git shet of a fellow. They never shook *me*—they know better'n to try their little game onto *me!* I'd give 'em hell in the CL——" "No, you wouldn't, Jim; you can't bring your private grievances into the organ of the profession. Fair play's a jewel, Jim!" "That's what I told one of 'em, Josephine Waterbury, which I got a dollar jewel to one night, as she exited out of the stage door; but she sang out, sassy like, in her ornery slang: 'I can't see it—not for Joseph; oh no, Jimmy, not for Josey!' and then slunk off with another dam fool. I could a' punched her head, big as she was!" "A man that would strike a woman saw in the cause of his country, is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils." "That may be, but I'll spoil the fust one that comes any of their gum games over *me*. Look how one of 'em served old Dutchy, the grocery clerk what play'd the bassoon in Mike Finnegan's Native American Brass and String Band. Look how they served him. I writ a piece about it, which you can publish if you'll give me the credit, and n-ot try to palm it off as your'n." We say, the desired promise, and therefore we introduce the reader to

LA SYLPHIDE;
OR, THE FALSE HEARTED BALLET GIRL.
By "Our Jim."

[REVISED, CORRECTED, AND IMPROVED BY THE EDITOR.]

His name was Herr Tuyfel, and we understand
That he played the bassoon in Mike's orchestra Band—
A portly young Dutchman, quite gallant and tall,
With a yaller moustachio admired by all.

Her name was La Sylphide, a native of France,
And in the theatre she used for to dance;
O, she was bewitching, and in the Can Can
She could, with her toes, kick the hat off a man.

And Herr Tuyfel, the Dutchman, while she danced and he played,
Cast many a sheep'rey at this pretty maid;
And he'd blow and he'd blow, while he fondly thought how
He would relish his lager if she was his frow.

And, one evening, La Sylphide she happened one eye
To cast down on Herr Tuyfel—it knocked him sky-high!
He blew and he blew till he got out of breath—
Her glance the young Dutchman most tickled to death.

He wrote her a letter, he called her his "dove,"
He swore he was dying by inches in love;
To smile on her lover an angel he'd be,
He asked her his heart to accept—and she did.

He was smitten completely, and, joking apart,
She had captured Herr Tuyfel and stolen his heart;
He bought her silk dresses, and rings one or two;
He swore to be constant—she swore to be true.

But fierce was his anger, and great his surprise,
When, one night, on another, she cast both her eyes;
He watched her quite closely, and, what do you think?
Why, he saw the base drummer she gave a sly wink!

He thought of the dresses, he thought of the rings,
He though of her promise, her kisses and things;
"False! False!" shrieked Herr Tuyfel; "I see it at last!"
And he seized his bassoon, and he blew a loud blast!

And he blew and he blew, a most horrible blow;
La Sylphide got frightened, and fainted, you know;
But he blew for an hour and then didn't stop
'Till he blew of his head a large hole in the top!

But little to tell you, kind reader, remains—
He blew and he blew till he blew out his brains;
And the fickle La Sylphide—you can guess what's to come—
She married the feller that played the base drum!

"And that's only one out of a hundred," says Jim, "so none of your ballet for me." "Bal-*let*, Jimmy, not bal-*let*." "That's fudge; I hain't been to school for nothin'; if b-a-l-l-e-t spells bal-*let*, then b-u-l-l-e-t spells *bullet*, which is a bully spell, now, isn't it?" But enough of this. Other topics demand our attention.....Somebody has been writing from New York to a London paper complaining that Englishmen have a poor show in this blarsted country, that only Yankees are swallowed here, and much other nonsense of the same sort, and the writer calls himself "Imported Sparrow." Who is this *Sparrow* whose *parables* have created such a fluttering among our theatrical folks? Does this imported bird suppose that the profession on the other side of the Atlantic will *swallow* all he says? Already have several performers in London repelled his *foul* abuse. Why does he persist in *robbin'* us of our good name. *Can nary* thing stop his pipping and chirping on what he knows not of? Hunt his day be spent in piffing and blowing and his *night in gales*, to the detriment of our national fame for hospitality and friendship to the stranger? Did Kean have to be over-*keen* in his search for a *place* for his *plays?* Didn't *John E. Owen* give up an engagement in order to afford Keen an opportunity to appear before an American audience, and wasn't he *Owin' Johnny* a debt of gratitude for the same? When *Fawcet Rowe* came here did we compel him to rest on his *oars?* Didn't we take him by the hand and introduce him to a New York audience, as we said, "*Rowe*, brothers. *Rowe!*" Didn't he find us not only willing to give him a long pull, but to almost *force it* on him? Eh? Go with us to the day "when you and I were boys together." Did any one go back on the head *Cooke* of the profession, or attempt to *cook* his goose while here? Was it not *Brooke* that could not *brook* us instead of we him? Look at *Macready!* Not only did we *make rea-dy* to see him, but actualy calle l out the soldiers to do him honor and quell a riot which had been gotten up expressly in his behalf. Go to the theatre, thou sluggard. What do you see there? Companies composed in nearly every instance of a majority of English actors and actresses. Whose plays rule the roast in America but those of Englishmen? Even Irish managers give English plays and players the preference over American "or any other man." And without the stamp of England's recognition an American player is surely without *profit* in his own country. Take, for instance, the case of Boothroyd Fairclough, an American tragedian, who has long essayed to get a favorable hearing in his native country, but which was denied him. A few weeks since he made his *debut* before a London audience, and he achieved a success, the London press criticising him closely but impartially, and awarding him praise of which any performer might be proud. He went there a stranger; he was merely announced as an American; no advance puffery; no "greatest tragedian of the age;" no bounce; but merely "Boothroyd Fairclough—American tragedian;" and on that alone he succeeded among strangers, while recognition of his merits was denied him at home. Now with the London mark of approval indelibly affixed upon him, he can come *home*, and managers who refused to assist him while only marked by an American brand will probably accept the English stamp, and give him a hearing. No, no, Mr. "Imported Sparrow," you are sadly in error; it is an unpleasant truth that even sterling merit in America is disregarded and discarded for the sake of foreign artists of only mediocre calibre. Let us have no more complaints from Englishmen, unless they have at least *some* foundation in truth. And now, to wind up this warbling, we'll indite

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SPARROWS.

Those self-conceited writers, who suppose they have the power
Of seeing all America in scarcely half an hour,
Do not deserve a hearing from the silly, stupid elves—
One quarter or one eighth as much as they deceive themselves.
They puff themselves up bigger than the frog in fable durst,
And so, like him, on some fine day, they grow so big they burst.
So then we'll say, before they go—which we hope won't be long—
That when these egotists do write, they each and all do wrong.

WALLACK'S THEATRE opens its regular season on the 23d inst. with the following company:—Acting Manager, John Gilbert; stage director, J. G. Hanley; prompter, J. S. Wright; machinist, H. Butler; properties, S. Timmony; costumes, Flannery and Benschoten; J. W. Wallack, John Gilbert, J. H. Stoddard, J. G. Hanley, Charles Fisher, A. W. Young, J. B. Polk, J. L. Matthews, George Holland, B. T. Ringgold, G. F. Browne, C. H. Rockwell, J. W. Leonard, E. Milton, W. H. Pope, T. Ward, E. Cashin, B. Durand, J. Curran, Lester Wallack, Rose Eytinge, Miss Harrison, Clara Jennings, Emily Mestayer, Annie Ward, Mrs. John Sefton, Mary Barrett, Mrs. Sedley Brown, Fanny Green, Mrs. Timmony, Misses Jennie Day, M. Monell, J. Engel, Carmon, Clayton, A. Clarke, E. Engel and F. Neitherton, with Thomas Baker, leader of the orchestra.

MAGGIE MITCHELL is in the last week of her present engagement at Wood's Museum. For her closing performances she revives "Fanchon," "Lorle" having been produced since the opening of her engagement up to the 19th inst., in the 28th, Lydia Thompson makes her American *debut* in the burlesque of "Ixion," supported by a company of artists brought to this country especially for that purpose. Miss Thompson is spoken of as one of the handsomest actresses on the London boards, and a great favorite. The Siamese Twins have withdrawn from the Museum department, but Sophie Gantz, the child wonder, remains on exhibition; also the Automaton Leotard, which of itself is worth the price of admission to witness. As a piece of mechanism it is a wonder.

MR. AND MRS. WM. GOMERSALL expect to return to New York, from England, about the middle of October.

THE WORRELL SISTERS, having returned from their brief western tour to find themselves debarred from taking possession of their own theatre, have taken a lease of the Academy of Music for the purpose of producing a new American comedy by George Marlowe entitled "1868." They open this evening with the following company:—Henrietta Irving, Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Noemie, F. C. Bangs, D. Myron, Theo. Hamilton, H. Rynar, Wm. Hamblin, Mr. Murray and Mr. Ashley.

THE LATEST REPORT about the Worrell Sisters' Theatre is that these ladies intend throwing up the lease, which is the only way the present incumbent can be ejected by Mr. Stewart, the owner.

THE SUDDEN CHANGE in the weather the past week brought a great many people to town from their summer's retreat, and, as a natural consequence, the different places of amusement exhibited a healthier appearance, pecuniarily, than they have for some time. The San Francisco Minstrels came in for their share of public patronage, the hall being crowded to repletion. On Thursday evening the aisles were filled with stools and every available spot occupied by a sitter or a standee. Bobby Newcomb appeared in the part of Capt. Jinks, and in a song and dance, "I Feel so Happy." Lew Brimmer, acknowledged by all good performers on the instrument to be one of the best banjo players that appear in public, is delighting the patrons with pickings on the old Cremona, including imitations of the Trinity Church chimes. The burlesque sketch called "Barber Brown" improves with every performance, as a little new business is constantly being added. It is a laughable affair, and sends the audience away in the best of good humor.

FANNY JANAUSCHEK commences at the Academy of Music on Oct. 5th.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Max Strakosch arrived from Europe on Sept. 19th.

JOHN K. MORTIMER withdrew from the cast of "Foul Play" at the Werrell Sisters' Theatre, on Sept. 14th, and the *role* of Robert Penfold was performed by E. F. Thorne.

THE TWO HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH successive performance of "Humpty Dumpty" takes place at the Olympic Theatre this evening. The only change made since our last has been the engaging of a new pig, and the withdrawal of Alice Harrison from the cast. Miss Harrison has been doubling the parts of Burlesque and Fairy Queen since the first production of the pantomime. On the 14th Lena Edwin appeared as the Fairy Queen, and Irene Gay made her *debut* in this city as Burlesque. Miss Edwin played the Queen for two weeks, after which Miss Gay doubled it with Burlesque. The theatre is densely crowded every night.

A FEW CHANGES were made in the first part and the olio by Kelly and Leon's Minstrels the past week. Mr. Kelly sang "Pleasant Dreams of Other Days," and for the finale of the first part gave "The Bachelors' Club," a musical sketch, in which the entire company took part, even to the gas man of the house, who appeared in his shirt sleeves with torch in hand. It was an amusing affair and caused considerable fun. In the olio a Mr. Davis appeared in a wooden shoe dance called "Lignum Vitæ Specialty," which he did very well, and for his *encore* amused the audience by taking a newspaper and, by doubling and twisting it in his hands and tearing it with his fingers, presented one of the most curious looking and ingeniously contrived perforated patterns we have yet seen. There was scarcely a place on the whole sheet one inch apart that was not a neat design. It elicited shouts of applause and deservedly so. Mr. Kelly gave an act called "Necromancer," which, from its absurdity, created roars of laughter. The burlesque of "Barber Bleue" continues on the bills. The house was crowded every night last week.

THE BRYANTS produced Eugene and Unsworth's burlesque opera "Lucrezia Borgia," the past week, in a very handsome manner, as regards scenery and costumes. The opening scene, representing Venice by moonlight, is one of the handsomest scenes yet presented in a minstrel hall in this city, and reflects credit upon the artist, W. Wallack. The scene represents the plaza, with the canal in the foreground and the palace of Borgia on the right. The second scene is the interior of the palace—is a handsome affair, as is the last scene, where the sports are holding high revel and banqueting in the palace of the Borgias. All the costumes are quite handsome and look as if they had been made expressly for the burlesque. Eugene appeared as Lucrezia, Dempster as Gennaro, Unsworth as Orsini, Nelse Seymour as the Duke and Dan Bryant as Gubetta, in place of Mr. Grier, who was prevented from appearing in consequence of the death of an infant child of his. Each one was well up in his part and did justice to the character presented. Eugene was particularly good. He is certainly a most excellent burlesque *prima donna*. The house was crowded and business continued excellent throughout the week.

"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD" was presented at the Theatre Comique on the 14th inst., on which occasion John T. Raymond made his reappearance in this city, after a long absence, as Toby Twinkle. Maurice Pike appeared as Frederick Plum, McKee Rankin as Stephen and Alice Dunning as Martha. Mr. Edward Ward played the part of Sir Arthur. On the 26th Mr. Lingard adds two new sketches to his *repertoire*, "Fifth Avenue" and "Grecian Bend." Emmett, the Dutch comedian, withdrew on the 12th. Why? Was the applause he received the cause of his leaving?

TONY PASTOR is presenting at his Opera House, in the Bowery, one of the best variety entertainments yet offered at any house in this city. He has a company of first class performers engaged, who give a first class performance, and the consequence is that the house has been not only full every evening since the present season commenced, but on many evenings the passage ways have been crowded with camp stools, and standing room has not been attainable, as was the case on the 16th inst. Tony is deserving of this success, for he has labored hard to make his place popular, and he has always secured talent whenever it presented itself. With such names as Johnny Thompson, Frank Kerns and Billy Emmett, who have few if any equals in their line of business, Jennie Engel and Addie Leibrun in the vocal department, and Helene Smith, Nellie Gray and Mary Gorondfo as representatives of Terpsichore, with George Thompson, T. D. Riggs and J. W. Collier for the proper rendition of the dramas, not forgetting Tony himself, is it any wonder that business is great? Little Nell is the title given a young lady who made her *debut* on the 14th as the "California Wonder." We stated last week that she was about sixteen years of age. We have since been requested by her father—who ought to know—to state that she is only eleven. She appeared in a couple of ballads and, later in the evening, as Topsy, with a song. She has a harsh voice, which, with considerable cultivation before she can expect to succeed as a vocalist. She is also very awkward on the stage, not knowing what to do with her arms. Her style wants toning down considerably for a lady audience.

MRS. LANDER, who has been playing at the Broadway Theatre the past three weeks, will close her engagement on the 26th inst. Artistically her performances have been very succe ssful, but pecuniarily they have not been remunerative. The city is growing so fast in a northerly direction that Mrs. Broadway is now thought to be too far down town for first class performances, especially those of a legitimate character. Mrs. L's. benefit on the 18th inst., when she appeared as "Mary Stuart," attracted a good house, and the performance gave much satisfaction.

MISS CARRIE AUSTIN and Mr. Austin, soauve lightning dril lists, sailed for Liverpool on the 19th inst., in the steamship City of Baltimore.

THE OLYMPIC, with "Humpty Dumpty," is repeating the success of the "Black Crook" at Niblo's, season before last, the Olympic scarcely affording room for the many who seek admittance, while "Barbe Bleue," at Niblo's, is being played to comparatively slim audiences. Such are the changes in theatrical business.

FANNY HERRING finished a brief engagement at the Bowery, on the 19th. She is succeeded this week by Mr. Alexander Fitzgerald, from California.

"SIMON BERNARD," announced as a new and original drama, and "Dearer than Life," a new play by H. J. Byron, form the opening programme at Wallack's Theatre.

THE GREAT WESTERN CIRCUS did not open on Broadway and Forty-third street on the 17th inst., as announced, in consequence of not being in ship-shape order, but will perform every afternoon and evening this week.

MCVEY'S HIBERNICON, now in its third week at Pike's Music Hall, has been meeting with considerable success. On the 17th inst. the large hall was densely crowded and over one thousand people turned away unable to obtain even standing room. As we stated last week, the painting is a fine affair, and deserves the liberal patronage being bestowed upon it.

TWO RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.—Manager Gran, being determined that Bateman shall not have all the glory to be achieved—if any—in the production of opera bouffe, announces the opening of the French Theatre on Oct. 19th, with the "Grand Duchesse." The same night, Bateman opens at Pike's, and with the same opera. Gran will give us a number of new faces, and for location his establishment is the best. There is one thing certain, Gran has the most money of the two, and intends to place the operas on the stage in a manner that shall wake up all other bouffe opera managers.

DIED.—John Sefton, one of the old school of actors, died suddenly in this city, at his residence, 49 East Twenty-eighth street, near Fourth avenue, on Saturday afternoon, the 19th inst. Mr. S was born in Christian street, Liverpool, Eng., January 15th, 1805. His father intending him for a representative of Coke and Blackstone, he was, at an early age, placed in a lawyer's office, where he remained but for a brief period, as he was not long in making the acquaintance of actors from frequent visits to the theatre. So severely did he become afflicted with the dramatic mania that he left the law, and after many attempts to strut the boards of the theatre, made his *debut* at the Liverpool Theatre in a very trifling part. He gradually worked his way up the histrionic ladder, and we soon find him playing juvenile parts at the same establishment. In 1824 he went into the provinces and played successfully at the Harrowgate and Richmond theatres. In 1825 he made his first appearance in Sheffield as the Duke in "Othello," and as Harlequin in a comic pantomime. After an extended tour through the provinces, he rejoined the Liverpool company. So rapid had been his rise in his profession that his fame extended to America, and he was offered a three years' engagement from Messrs. Cowell and Simpson to play fops, old men, country boys, dancing, &c., which he accepted, making his American *debut* at the Walnut Street Circus, (now theatre) Philadelphia, June 25th, 1827, as Edward in "The Irishman in London." He met with indifferent success at his *debut*, but soon grew in favor with his audiences. At the close of the season he bent his steps towards New York, and soon after his arrival was engaged at the Park Theatre for the second low comedy business. He made his *debut* early in July, 1828, as Finnikin in "Glovanni in London." In 1833 he was married to Miss Wells. He was then "over the hills and far away" for some time, joining F. C. Wemyss at Pittsburgh, Pa., appearing the opening night of the new theatre, September 24, 1835, with his wife, in the play of "The Busy Body." Mr. Sefton became quite a favorite with the audiences, and it required a man possessed of considerable ability to those parts to please the Pittsburghers, for they pronounced Booth a bad actor, and Forrest they would not support; he opened to $394, and he played Reuben Glenroy to $112 and Pescara to $106. He was the first star to play to less than $100. Mr. Sefton remained in the Smoky City two seasons, and then followed Mr. Wemyss to the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, which was opened Dec. 22d, 1834, as the American Theatre, by Mr. W. M. Sefton appeared, after an absence of seven years, in the farce of the "Dumb Belle," and met with a hearty reception. It was during this season that "The Golden Farmer" was first produced, in which Mr. Sefton laid the foundation of his theatrical fame. Mr. Wemyss, in his book entitled "Twenty-Six Years of the Life of an Actor and Manager," says: "To Mr. Sefton the part of Jimmy Twitcher was given, which he at first refused to play, and to the last moment grumbled about. Mr. Sefton had a cause in his articles of agreement with me by which he had the right to choose his part in the *dramatis personæ*, when there was more than one low comedy part in a piece, and he insisted on playing Harry Hammer; but Barrymore (the stage manager) insisted that he was the only man in the theatre fit for his 'thief' in the 'Golden Farmer.' It was finally left to my decision, and although John Mills Brown played Hammer, much to the mortification of Sefton, yet I know John has no cause to complain of the result, offended although he was by choice, and in his playful manner, as an act of favor towards me." "Vell vot of it." The following season Mr. Sefton visited New York, and was secured by William E. Dinneford for first low comedy at the opening of the Franklin Theatre in 1835. The company consisted of J. Mills Brown, Thoman, Stickney, Senior, Goodenow, Manley, MacDonald, Carner, Parkes, Gilbert, Kirkland, Anderson, Mesdames Blake, Stickney, Pritchard, Misses Kerr, E. Anderson, J. Anderson and Verity. Soon after the opening of the season the 'Golden Farmer' was produced, and, for those days, met with the unprecedented run of one hundred and three performances. It was the greatest theatrical sensation of the day, and "Vell vot of it" and "Oh Mowses" were in the mouths of nearly every one. Mr. Sefton's next great success was "Jimmy Twitcher in France," which also had an extended run. Mr. Sefton then made a tour through the country and he always found Jimmy Twitcher his strongest card. During the engagement of the Ravels at Niblo's Garden, in August, 1846, Mr. Sefton played Pantaloon. In September the Museum was destroyed by fire; after which Mr. S. was engaged at the opening of the Astor Place Opera House, November 22, 1847, as acting manager, and was there during the Macready riot. He then went south as stage manager of the Richmond, Va., Theatre. When E. A. Marshall opened the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the season of 1853-4, Mr. S. was secured as stage director. From this time up to the closing of the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, by Placide, for the season of 1858-9, he was in the south; after which he came to this city and located, as a New York actor, for seven years, at Wallack's Theatre, where he was a great favorite. His last appearance on the stage was at the Broadway Theatre—the present one—in October, 1867, as Jimmy Twitcher, for the benefit of Barton Hill. As a low comedian Mr. Sefton won a healthy reputation. There was his mirth, his movement, and there was also his stand, long pulling and quiet comedy face, and face, with more breadth than the one and alertness than the other; he was an agreeable compromise that answered for both, and thus attracted the powers of some of our great est comedians. His life from his first step on the dramatic boards has been less chequered than that of his brethren in general. From the first his career rolled on with an even flow of popularity, and he was favored by the public on all occasions whenever and wherever he appeared. He possessed genuine merit, was rich and abundant in humor, original in conception and manner, and strictly faithful to the character he represented. Would that the American stage had many more like him. The proximate cause of his death was malignant inflammation of the cellular sub tissues. The first symptom of the disease was on the Monday previous, when a slight swelling of the lip was noticed, which increased so much next day that he consulted Dr. Quackenbos. The swelling at first seemed to yield to the treatment, but on Friday it began to grow worse, and on Sept. 19th, the end was adopted. He passed a bad night on Friday, being slightly delirious at intervals and complaining of severe pains of the back. About 1 P. M. on Saturday, without any premonitory warning, he suddenly fell forward out of the chair in which he was sitting on to the floor, and death ensued without a struggle and without pain. He leaves a widow and one daughter to mourn his untimely loss.

MESSRS. LOWELL AND SIMMONDS, dramatic agents, of this city, advertise in another column for talent of all kinds, particularly minstrel performers, who are wanted for California. They are also in want of a number of *ballet* ladies, as well as performers in every branch of the profession. The company engaged for the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, are requested to report to this firm, as per card elsewhere

THE NEW YORK COMBINATION is the title of a new party that starts on or about Oct. 1st from this city, under the management of Pennington & Co.

THE DIORAMA OF LINCOLN'S FUNERAL came to grief on the 22d inst., at Irving Hall, for the want of funds.

THE INFANT CHILD of Mr. and Mrs. Grier (Saidee Cole) died in this city on the 17th inst. Mr. Grier is well known as one of Bryants' Minstrels.

FALLON'S STEREOPTICON is to be exhibited at Irving Hall on Oct. 5th.

HAVING HEARD of the success of the "Lancashire Lass" in London, Mr. Wallack sent a cable despatch to London for a copy of the piece, with models of the scenery, etc., but Mr. Florence sent over the models to this country several weeks ago, and it is to be produced by him during his coming engagement, which takes the wind out of the sails of the Wallachian establishment.

BILLY SHEPPARD, having recovered sufficiently from his late sickness to enable him to strut the boards once more, reappears at Tony Pastor's Opera House this evening

MATILDA HERON will play at Niblo's Garden on Mr. Forrest's off nights.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS, the English tragedienne, gives a dramatic reading in this city in October.

MR. ALEXANDER FITZGERALD, an old Bowery favorite, commences a brief engagement this evening at the Bowery Theatre in Harry Seymour's new piece of "Fair Play." This is Mr. Fitzgerald's first appearance since his return from California.

MR. E. L. DAVENPORT arrived here last week, overland, from California.

A NUMBER OF BALLET LADIES are wanted by MESSRS. Thompson and Riggs, of 180 Bowery. Parties who may wish to take instructions preparatory to making their *debut* on the public stage, have an opportunity now, as this firm are organizing a class at their rooms in the Bowery.

Dramatic.

AT THE NATIONAL THEATRE, Cincinnati, Edwin Booth performed last week for six nights and a *matinee*, giving Hamlet, Shylock, Richelieu, Benedict, Petruchio, Claude Melnotte and Richard III. He received each evening he crowded houses, notwithstanding that the admission figures had been considerably enlarged, and met with a most flattering reception. His support in "Hamlet" was very good, Lingham's Ghost being excellent. Mr. Whiting, in the leading parts, such as Bassanio and De Mauprat, only lacks a little energy to deserve the same commendation. This fault cannot be attributed to Mr. Guion, who is inclined to throw more force into characters than correct taste would allow. This was particularly to be noticed in Antonio, in the "Merchant of Venice." The best acted characters in the company are those of Mr. Pierce, who is always careful and correct in his renditions. His Old Gobbo was very deservedly applauded. Miss Blanche De Bar travels with Mr. Booth as his support, and consequently Miss Minnie Mond, the leading lady of the theatre, was not often called upon. She played the Queen in "Hamlet," however, and did it well. Miss De Bar is by no means a perfect actress, but she lends her parts very fairly and was received very cordially. Her Julie De Mortimer was fine—better than her Portia. Mr. Booth is succeeded this week by C. W. Couldock and his daughter, and they will probably be followed by the Bateman Opera Troupe.

SHERRY'S THEATRE opened at Brant's Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., for six nights, on the 14th, producing "Peep o' Day," "Griffith Gaunt," "Long Strike," "Little Barefoot," "Rosedale" and "Streets of New York." The company, as at present organized, consists of the following:—Mrs. Jennie Carroll, leading lady; Miss Dollie Pike, *soubrette*; Mrs. S. A. Baker, old woman; together with Miss Annie Montford, Miss May Henri, Miss Julia Manning, Miss Redmond and Katie Baker; J. F. Sherry, leading man; J. F. Conway; Geo. C. Charles, comedy; Frank Monford, old man; W. J. Ferguson, light comedy; S. S. Rainey, second comedy; J. H. Mulligan, juvenile; H. S. Henia, walking gent; together with W. E. Stevenson, W. A. Oughton, H. Redmond and P. F. Sherry, business agent. Our correspondent says:—"Manager Sherry has met with the grandest reception ever accorded any manager in our city, the receipts on the opening night amounting to $364, and the total for the week over $2,000. At the rising of the curtain each evening nothing but standing room was to be had. The company perform at Mechanicsburg on the 21st, 22d and 23d, and at Carlisle on the 24th, 25th and 26th, and commence a second engagement here on the 28th for six nights. It being the week of the State Fair here, of course tremendous audiences await Sherry and his excellent company."

MR. J. ZIMMERMAN, treasurer of Niblo's Garden, plays the Florences at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on the 23d and 24th, in "Caste," with the original cast excepting Mrs. Gilbert's *role*, which is taken by Mad. Ponisi, a most excellent actress.

E. L. DAVENPORT is announced to open at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on the 28th inst.

EDWIN BOOTH plays in Toledo, Ohio, this week, under the management of Barney Macaulay.

HELEN WESTERN is at De Bar's Opera House, St. Louis, Mo., this week.

BIDWELL AND LOCKE'S Dramatic Combination occupy Deering Hall, Portland, Me., the current week.

F. S. Chanfrau was announced to open an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, on the 21st inst.

THE RICHINGS ENGLISH OPERA TROUPE commenced their fall and winter traveling tour at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 14th inst., giving "Martha" as their initial opera, followed on the 15th with "Bohemian Girl;" 16th, "Crown Diamonds;" 17th, "Czar and Carpenter"—performed for the first time by this company; 18th, "Norma," and 19th, "Maritana." Business was good and the company remain this week. On September 28th, the regular dramatic season commences.

MAGGIE MITCHELL plays "Fanchon" and "Lorle" at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on the 28th and 29th inst., and goes thence to New Haven for two days, Hartford for two days, and thence through State and Canada towns, under the management of Lowell and Simmonds.

EDWIN ADAMS is the star attraction at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week, succeeding "Foul Play," which was withdrawn on the 19th inst. Mrs. Lander appears on the 28th inst.

THE "WHITE FAWN" is announced as in the last week of its present run at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. It has not proved as successful as had been anticipated.

LOTTA, who opened an engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 14th inst. in "Little Nell," and attracted pretty good houses through the week, continues the attraction.

SELWYN'S THEATRE, Boston, produced this week the comedy of "Follies of a Night" and Barnard's burlesque of "Fowl Play." Elsie Newton made her bow at Selwyn's the past week, and was favorably received.

WILLARD'S THEATRE, Boston, has been doing a poor business since the opening of the season, which is attributed to bad management. Jean Hosmer was the star last week, and played to a starving business, the houses averaging a little over one hundred dollars a night. Mr. Willard does not appear to believe in advertising, for he does very little of it. Miss Hosmer remains this week, and is followed on the 21st by Z

Sept., 21st; Saxonville, 22d; Assabet, 23d; Hudson, 24th; Newton Lower Falls, 25th, and Natick, 26th.

SAUL SEETRAW, the song writer, advertises a number of his popular compositions in another column.

THE LUBIN BROTHERS continue to furnish parties with magical apparatus. They also translate plays from the German or French, and furnish performers with farces and minstrel acts.

JOSEPH SOMERS, theatrical boot and shoe maker, continues to attend to the wants of the profession at 270 Bowery, this city.

MANAGERS wishing the services of two dancers are referred to the card of M'lles Josephine and Gifford in another part of this paper.

THE FUSI YAMA JAPS closed a four nights' stay in Detroit on the 19th inst., and are this week at the state fair in Toledo, Ohio.

FANNY KEMBLE reads in Rochester, N. Y., on the 24th and 25th inst.

C. W. DUNCAN is desirous of obtaining a position as agent or assistant, and to make himself generally useful. See his card.

LOORNIA is in Cleveland, Ohio, all this week.

THE ELLINGER AND FOOTE COMBINATION, consisting of Com. Foote and Col. Small, has been compelled to quit traveling for the present in consequence of sickness in the company, as well as the illness of the agent. The company reorganizes early in October.

HADLEY'S GIFT SHOW was in Lowell, Mass., on the 19 h inst.

MARTINO is to be at Lancaster, Pa., on the 22d and 23d.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS performed at Milford, Mass., on the 12th to a large audience, and nearly every piece on the programme was *encored*. Georgie Dean Spaulding's harp fantasias took well, and she was called twice before the curtain.

AN AGENT is wanted to advertise the Ellinger and Foote Combination. One who has had experience in the business can address Col. Ellinger, as per advertisement elsewhere.

Amateur.

THE SHAKESPEARE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, commenced their season on the 17th with the "Ticket of Leave Man."

THE DOTHENIAN DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, played "Everybody's Friend" on the 17th.

IT IS PROPOSED by some of the leading amateurs, of Philadelphia, to get up a benefit for Mr. S. S. M. Smith, identified as "Old Man" at Barnum's Museum years ago. As Mr. Smith can readily find use for the "filthy lucre," it is to be hoped the project will soon assume a "solid shape."

THE WARREN COMBINATION have tendered a complimentary testimonial to their friend and member, Mr. Myer Elias, to take place at Dramatic Hall on Thanksgiving Eve. The pieces selected will be "La Tour de Nesle," and an Irish farce, after which there will be a social hop.

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—Our foreign advices are up to Sept. 6th, at which time managers were actively preparing for the regular season. The Holborn, Surrey, New Royalty and Sadler's Wells Theatres opened on the 5th inst. Boucicault Fairclough, an American tragedian, made his *debut* in London at the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday, August 29, as Hamlet, and, contrary to expectation, made a favorable impression, being called out several times during the evening. Strange to say he is well spoken of by the press, and stranger still the actors have a good word for him. The *Era* says:—"A numerous audience greeted him in a very cordial manner directly he appeared, and throughout the evening the kindest disposition prevailed. Mr. Fairclough has not, we believe, been so distinctly recognised in New York as in the Western States, and it may at once be mentioned that he brings with him no transatlantic accent. Of a medium height, a slight but compact figure, and with a dark complexion, Mr. Fairclough is, physically, in direct contrast with Mr. Fechter, who was the last Hamlet we saw on this stage. The new American tragedian does not attempt new readings, adheres steadily to the old traditional business, speaks well, quiet properly the text, and commands the respect rather than the enthusiasm of the audience. His soliloquies are evenly delivered, his bursts of passion are restrained within due bounds, his elocution is generally correct, though we may sometimes fancy a changed emphasis would bring the poet's meaning into a clearer light, and his general deportment is easy and graceful. Beyond this it would be hardly possible to extend the catalogue of Mr. Fairclough's merits. The auditors paid the utmost attention to his performance and were liberal in their applause, and at the end of the first act he was summoned to receive their congratulations. Later in the evening Mr. Fairclough had also to acknowledge the kindly feeling of the audience, and he was called on at the conclusion of the play and universally applauded." Frank Lawler, another American actor, made his *debut* in London as the King, and made a good impression. He is spoken of as possessing a good voice and adequate stage experience. Celia Logan was cast for the *role* of Ophelia, but gave it to Fanny Addison. Mr. Fairclough played Hamlet the following week, increasing his friends with each successive performance, and gaining ground in public favor. He was announced to repeat Hamlet on Sept. 8th and 10th, and Othello on the 7th, 9th and 11th. ....."After Dark"—Boucicault's latest (s)peculation—continues to crowd the Princess' Theatre.....The Queen's Theatre has an attractive piece in "The Lancashire Lass," which has been crowding the house for past three months. A farce, entitled "Round the Troubadour," taken from the French, has also been produced.....The Flying Scud" has been holding his own at the Adelphi. Miss Hughes was to make her first appearance since her illness on Sept. 9th, at the Adelphi, in her original part of Emily S. Evermond in "The Ticket of Leave," and sing the song of the "Maniac's Tear" (composed for her by the late Mr. Tully) for the benefit of Mr. R. Phillips, stage manager.....Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin are engaged by Mr. E. T. Smith for Sir L. Bulwer's new play to be produced at the Lyceum Theatre early in October.....At the Holborn Amphitheatre, Onra, trapezist; Napoli, the Italian Hercules; M. Lozada, the French prestidigitateur, and Almonti and Delevanti, the Parisian clowns, were the attractions.....'The Ticket of Leave Man" has been successfully produced at Astley's. A dramatic spectacle called "The Conquest of Magdala" was announced for the 12th inst.....Lord Byron's tragedy of "Manfred" has been produced in grand style at the Victoria Theatre..... The Moore and Crocker Christy Minstrels opened at the Standard on Sept. 24 and attracted large audiences..... "Arrah Na Pogue" has been produced at the Grecian.....The Britannia flourishes with the "Terror of London" and "The Boy of Biscay".....Frederic Maccabe, who has been holding forth at Egyptian Hall for a long time, closed on Sept. 21.....Miss Marriott commenced a farewell engagement at the East London Theatre on August 29th, in "The Lady of Lyons," followed on the 31st by Bianca; Sept. 1st, Julia in "The Hunchback," 2d, Mariana in "The Wife," 3d, "Evadne," 4th, "Ingomar" and "Honeymoon." Miss Marriott was announced for an early departure for America.....The new Croydon Theatre, situated on Crown hill, was inaugurated on Aug. 31st with equestrian performances, under the management of McCollum and Charman, of the Holborn Amphitheatre.....'King of Scots in London, 1620," is to be presented at Drury Lane on Sept. 26th, the opening night of the season.....'Blow for Blow," H. J. Byron's drama, was the opening piece at the Holborn on the 5th, under Fanny Joseph's management..... "Romeo and Juliet" was the initial performance presented at Sadler's Wells on the 5th, by Miss Hazlewood..... "Land Rats and Water Rats," an original drama by Watts Phillips, was presented at the Surrey Theatre on September 5th.....Miss Edith Chalbs makes her first appearance in London at the Holborn Theatre.....Miss Madge Robertson has left the Haymarket Theatre. She is engaged at the Gaiety, Paris..... Miss Marie O'Berne will make her first appearance in London at Drury Lane Theatre in "The Fortunes of Nigel."..... Miss Clara Thompson will be a new member of Miss Oliver's company at the Royalty..... Miss Rose Berend will make her *debut* in a new burlesque at Mr. Byron, at the Globe Theatre, in October. .....Miss Glyn, a popular London actress, is a serious loser from the effects of a fire which broke out in her private residence in Hanover Square on Sept. 3d.....Mlle. Esther Allen and a *ballet* troupe opened at the Metropolitan Music Hall on August 31st in a new *ballet divertissement*, entitled "Le Mode d'Asnieres." Annie Adams appears here each evening in her song entitled "Johnny the Engine Driver." Vance's singing of "Walking in the Zoo" is popular with the patrons.

W. CHAPMAN, the "ether" of amateur actors in Brighton, Eng., died on Sept. 3d, aged 68 years.

JOHN PARSONAGE, proprietor of the Fleur-de-Lis Music Hall, Sheffield, Eng., died of consumption on Sept. 3d, aged 34 years.

JOHN PRITCHARD, leading actor at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, for two seasons, took his farewell benefits on August 28th and 29th, prior to his departure for America.

MENKEN'S WILL.—A suit brought by a dramatic author against the widow and heirs of Meyerbeer has just been decided in Paris. The plaintiff had, some years back, written a drama entitled 'The You h of Goethe," one act of which was to be played with a musical accompaniment which Meyerbeer undertook to compose. The latter had completed his share of the work, but proposed to modify some of the combinations, when he died, leaving a will, of which the following is an extract:— "For a long time past I have been in the habit of making notes, on a special music book, of every inspiration which comes to my mind and pleases me, either when I am sitting at the piano, or at any other time. I entirely forbid the placing of these fragments in the hands of a living composer, for him to make a new work out of them, or to complete my unfinished compositions and afterwards give them as my posthumous works; for such a fate has too often befallen other artists and damaged considerably their future glory. My family does not require any such resources. It would be equally painful to me, if, by neglect, these music books fell into some treacherous hands, and my thoughts were used by other musicians under their own name. My express and positive desire is that, a few days after this will is opened, the above named books (five of them he minutely described) be removed from my other papers by my wife and executors, and sealed and carefully preserved in a special box. If, some day, one of my grandchildren evinces real taste for music, the books containing my musical thoughts are to be delivered up to him, as well as the diary kept by myself since the end of 1846. No one, without exception, must be allowed to look over the aforesaid books, or my unpublished compositions, or my diary. If none of my grandchildren are endowed with a taste for music—of which my executors are to be sole judges—these books, compositions and diary must be destroyed. This, be it understood, is only to be done when my three daughters are no more, and when my grandsons have attained an age enabling my executors to judge with certainty of their aptitudes. I inflict no penalty in the case of non-accomplishment of the desire expressed above concerning my manuscripts, etc.; but I appeal to the love and piety of my cherished wife, of my children and executors, and eagerly entreat them to entirely fulfil these my last wishes." The only exception made was for the opera of the "Africaine," for which he had made special arrangements. The score of "The Youth of Goethe" was, in accordance with the wish thus expressed, locked up with the rest of the composer's works. M. Blaise de Bury put forward a claim to a joint ownership in the work, and brought the present action to have it excepted from the others and performed. The court, however, decided that the music and the libretto of an opera were quite independent of each other, and that the writer of the one had no right to compel the produc ion of the other. A verdict was in consequence given against the plaintiff, who was, in addition, condemned to the payment of the costs.

A FRENCH PAPER says that a new actress named Julia Hisson is to appear in Paris. It is to be hoped that there will be no *Hissin'* when Julia appears.

IN A FEELING LEADER on the death of Alsh Isaacs Menken, the London *Telegraph* boldly declares that she had not done so much to debase the stage as Mme. Schneider, of the Opera *Bouffe*. And we might add nor half so much as those interested in *bouffe* opera in this city.

THE OFFICIAL record of Menken's burial in the Pre fecture of Paris is by the name of "Madame Barclay, 26 years old."

A RACE FOR LIFE.—No man ever sacrificed so much time or so much property to practical or speculative sporting as the Earl of Oxford. Among his experiments of fancy was the determination to drive four tired stags instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journeys upon the road, but, unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which soon, after crossing the road in the rear, caught sight of the "four in hand," and commenced a neck chase with "breath-high" alacrity. The novelty of the scene was rich beyond description. In vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill; in vain did his well-trained grooms endeavor to ride before them; reins, trammels and the weight of the carriage were of no effect, for they went with the alacrity of a whirlwind, and thus modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibration of fear, made fare to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily, however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the inn at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed. In the yard they bounded, to the dismay of the hostlers and stable boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty on the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton and his lordship were all instantly huddled together in a barn just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

SMALL POTATOES.—A young lady visiting in a genteel family asked the waiter for a potato at dinner. John made no response. The request was repeated, when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said, very audibly, "There's just two in the dish, and they want to keep for the manager."

BILLIARDS.

MATCH FOR $1,000 BETWEEN JOSEPH DION AND JOHN McDEVITT.

DION BEATEN BY ONE THOUSAND AND NINETY-ONE POINTS.

THE WINNER RUNS 1,460, AND AVERAGES 166⅔.

The days of the push shot, against which so much has been written and so much more said, are numbered. It has been found altogether too effective as a counting medium. Aside from calling mainly for manual precision in order to render it serviceable, the push upsets men's judgments by converting a match at billiards into a game of chance, in which not the player wins who is capable of making the greatest number of beautiful or difficult strokes, but he who has the balls huddled together oftenest, no matter whether so placed by himself or "left" for him through a "slip up" on the part of his opponent. To such a nicety has pushing been brought by practice that the merest turn of a ball is sufficient, in games played by such men as McDevitt, Dion and Foster, to change prospective defeat into overwhelming victory. McDevitt is the billiard ball buddler par *excellence*. Although often beaten, and badly too, he has never yet played a public match at the "regular American" (huddling) game in which he was not liable, at any moment, to start off on a run of 1,000 or 1,500 points. Huddling has carried him safely through four important contests. The first time, instead of huddling to a great extent in any one inning, he huddled, after making something like 1,000 points, or two thirds of the game, in five runs. The second time he huddled to the tune of 400; the third, to the tune of 1,483; the fourth, to the tune of 1,463. Having paid a great deal of attention of late to the push barred game, as well as to the French, he has of course improved in general play; but when he defeated Goldthwait in 1865, it is thought that player could have discounted him at every branch but nursing. He (McDevitt) had been practicing nursing for so long, and so exclusively, that when he came to this city—which was about two months after he had beaten Goldthwait in Cincinnati—he was probably capable of making no better average in a French game of 50 up than one point, or a point and a quarter to the run. But even as a nurser he does not possess a more delicate touch than several other players. His great strength lies in his familiarity with the push shot, and the confidence with which he essays to push where other players would scarcely risk the attempt. Almost uniformly when he pushes, he touches the second object ball, exactly where he wishes to; and this faculty, born of that confidence which is itself begotten only of long practice, enables him to make immense runs in the middle of the table, while other players cannot count long, but soon break up the balls, unless they can bring to their aid the cushions. There is merit in this specialty of McDevitt's, it cannot be denied; but it is of that kind which does not of itself command admiration. The numerical magnitude of the runs and balls pushed, rather than the pushes themselves, is fixed upon the spectator's attention and provokes his applause. If it were possible to overlook the fact that with each successive carom the total was being swelled—if the spectator could only look at the means and not at the end—if he could only overlook the fact that each count was bringing the player nearer to victory—a run of 100 by nursing would scarcely command the admiration which almost every shot in the French game does. But self-interest controls in billiards, as in everything else; and the spectator, who, either on the score of local feeling, friendship, or pecuniary advantage, has at heart the success of the player, would rather see him s ore a hundred or two in the simplest manner than half that number by the most spirited and brilliant play. And this very natural feeling, which for a long while encouraged "jawing," has encouraged and retained the push shots, notwithstanding our leading players have, almost to a man, expressed their disapprobation of the stroke.

But what has, because of the time devoted to practicing the push shot, our most expert players make no perceptible progress towards mastering the other and more difficult branches of the game, it is full time to institute a reform. When players from foreign shores come here and achieve easy victories at those games in which pushing is not permitted, we naturally seek for the cause of the American professional's inferiority. When we are told that in Paris there are amateurs who can handily discount such players as McDevitt in the French game, and who, interdicting the push shot, could, after a month's practice, defeat them at the four-ball game, the need for reform is more urgent. When a match is made up of 1,500 points, it is to be supposed that at least 2,500 points will be scored by the two players; if they are to play no more than 1,600 or 1,900 between them, the games ought to be set at 3,000 points, so that those who pay to witness a contest may see something like one. When, again, "the charming uncertainty" of billiards becomes so great as to utterly baffle human judgment, measures should be taken to reduce the charms of that uncertainty. And when a player *averages* more in 1,500 points than the highest run up to four years ago amounted to—making his score, too, in the simplest manner known to billiards—steps should be taken to render the game more difficult. Now, as to showing the difference the push shot makes, a game of 1,500 points without it could scarcely be played on the pocket table in less than four and a half hours—with it, a game of the same number of points has just been completed in one hour and forty-five minutes. Making liberal use of the push, one of the contestants ran 1,460; had pushing been prohibited, he would scarcely have scored one-tenth of that number. These two facts furnish a sufficiently striking commentary upon the value of the push as a counting medium.

The match in which the run of 1,460 and the average of 166⅔ were made was that played by John McDevit and Joseph Dion at Library Hall, Chicago, on the 16th inst. It was for $500 a side, and purported to be for the championship also, although it is not recognized as such by the profession at large, in consequence of the informalities attending the making of it. The rules enacted for the government of the championship matches were not adhered to; and it follows that unless rules are to be regarded as of no consequence whatever, this match was for $500 a side, and nothing else. However, Dion and McDevitt, who were both aware that they had not kept to the rules, announced it as the seventeenth match for the championship, and it is not our present purpose to question that they were right in so doing. If the match did not suit others, it suited Dion and McDevitt—at least, suited both before it was played, though perhaps McDevitt only afterwards. Thinking it a "sure win," the Canadian, disregarding the counsel of his best friends and nearest relatives, went out of his way to play it, and, as it transpired, invoked an overwhelming defeat.

He, Dion, arrived in Chicago on the 11th inst., in company with Samuel May, the Toronto player. He had been practicing closely at his rooms in Montreal for some months, and had made any number of runs, ranging from three to six hundred, had rarely fallen below 40 in his averages, frequently had got as high as 100, and on one occasion mounted as high as 125. While in Chicago he made Tom Foley's rooms, on Dearborn street, his headquarters, having practice games with Henry Rhines, Peter Snyder, May, and others. Although averaging among the 50s, he was evidently playing within himself. McDevitt, who had likewise been hard at work for a couple of months, was in most excellent play, and confident of success. A few days previously he had averaged about 350 in his principal run being in the vicinity of 900, while upon another occasion he rolled up 1,200. Both men being in such superb play there was little to choose between them. There was but little betting before the night of play, and that little at evens.

THE GAME.

The important matter of selecting umpires and referee having been disposed of (Henry Rhines representing McDevitt, Samuel May acting for Dion, and Peter Snyder being referee), at 8.15 the game began. McDevitt won the lead and chose the white. Taking the white, and giving Dion the spot ball, McDevitt rolled his ball down to the lower corner. Dion, who played with his coat on, while McDevitt was in his shirt sleeves, failed to score, and gave way to McDevitt, who made a run of 22. In the third innings, each having failed to count in the record, the Canadian player made his first carom. Assembling the two reds upon the right side cushion, he manipulated them handsomely—if there can be anything handsome about huddling—for about a dozen minutes, the yield being 261. In the next four innings, although he had excellent opportunities, McDevitt failed to improve them; and at Dion's seventh play the game was 340 to 38 in his favor, he having swelled his 261 with a good run of 78. The betting was now two to one on Dion, with plenty of takers, the faith in McDevitt's winning abilities being yet unshaken. In the 9th innings Dion slipped up, after making 69. The score was now—Dion, 409; DeDevitt, 42. The balls were in an inviting position, and McDevitt ranged all four upon the cushion at the head of the table. Soon he had scored a hundred. Now playing on the reds, and anon on either red and his opponent's white, he continued on. Occasionally, when near the pocket, he would push his ball between and through the object-balls and play from the other side. The scene when McDevitt began the run was one of the most peculiar kind. His first hundred was greeted with feeble applause; his second was played amid a silence as still as death; the cheers during the third were deafening; the fourth hundred excited surprise; the fifth astonishment and applause, as thundering as stamping and clapping could make; when the half thousand was made he stopped for rest a moment. Dion sat in his chair the picture of unconcern, the Canadian's smile of most peculiar lenuiness and hope. Play was resumed—the referee, at McDevitt's instance, leaving his chair to better observe. The sixth hundred was scored, and bets of $5 to $500 were offered that he would run the game out; the seventh hundred caused Dion's placid smile to lessen in serenity; the eighth hundred showed no disposition of the balls to get out of place. "Nine hundred and one," cried the marker, and McDevitt kept on. In the midst of the hundred, Dion cried "Foul!" the referee disallowed the claim, the play went on, and 1,001 was called by the marker. He, Dion, smiled knowingly as he approached the reporters' table; he tasted sparingly of brandy and water, and resumed the game. The balls were as when he started; within the spot they remained, never going outside. He added another hundred to his string. "Thirteen hundred!" rang out in the clear tones of little Jimmy Cusick, who was marking the game; the balls were still in line, and McDevitt, like a Fate, engaged in an unceasing task, added count after count to his string. $100 to $5 that McDevitt runs the game out; 1,400 is called, and McDevitt has only 58 to go to insure his retention of the cue. Dion's face shows that all is lost. "Fourteen hundred and sixty" was the last call of the marker, a look from McDevitt to the referee appealing for a decision, and cries of "Game" from all parts of the house. The referee steps to the table, awards McDevitt the game, the contestants shake hands, and McDevit is borne on the shoulders of his enthusiastic friends from the hall. The audience was wild with delight, and McDevitt's immediate friends could not restrain the natural impulse to raise him upon their shoulders, and carry him in triumph around the room. When they released him, he was in the street, well-nigh exhausted.

The run with which he closed the game is greater, by nearly 1,200, than any ever before made in a match for the championship, the next highest being 408, made by McDevitt himself in Montreal. Dion, it is true, made 616; but it was by jawing the balls; while in the game of the 16th the jaw was barred. It is proper to state for the information of those interested, that though McDevitt scored 1,460, his run counts only 1,458, that being the number of points he had to make when he started upon it. Below we give the full score and summary, by which it will be seen that Dion averaged 45 and 4-9ths, and McDevitt 166 2-3d.

Dion.		McDevitt.		Dion.		McDevitt.	
Ins.	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Ins.*	*Count.*	*Total.*	*Count.*	*Total.*
1....	0	0	22	22	6....	262	2	38	
2....	0	0	0	22	7....	78	340	0	38
3....	261	261	3	25	8....	0	340	4	42
4....	1	262	13	38	9....	69	409	1458	1500
5....	0	262	1	38					

SUMMARY.—LIBRARY HALL, CHICAGO, Sept. 16.—Contest for $500 a side, between John McDevitt, of Chicago, and Joseph Dion, of Montreal. Regular American carom game, 1,500 points up, played with 2⅝ths balls, on a second size four pocket (Standard American) table, having barred, push shot allowed. Score—McDevitt, 1,500; Dion, 409. Innings—McDevitt, 9; Dion, 9. Averages—McDevitt, 166⅔; Dion, 45 4-9ths. Best runs—McDevitt, 1,458; Dion, 261. Time of game—One hour and forty-five minutes. Umpires—For Dion, Samuel May, of Toronto; for McDevitt, Henry Rhines, of Chicago. Referee—Peter Snyder, of Chicago. Marker—James Cusick, of Chicago.

EXHIBITION AT "HIRAM'S."—Hiram Henlin, well known for many years as a dispenser of beverages at the St. Nicholas Hotel, has taken possession of the superb billiard and sample rooms at 720 Broadway. By way of initiating Hiram into the mysteries of the art billiardistic, Messrs. Phelan, Tieman, Deery and Foster propose to give an exhibition at his establishment on the 24th inst.

DEERY AND FOSTER MATCHED AGAIN.—These fine players have been again matched at the French game, 300 points up, for $250 a side. On the 18th inst. a forfeit was put up on both sides, Mr. C. O'Connor, of the Union Square Rooms, representing Deery. Irving Hall has been engaged for the 30th inst. No evener match than this could possibly be made, and the game promises to be as skilful and brilliant as any yet witnessed on this c ntinent.

PRESENTATION.—On the evening of the 19th inst. Jack Goulding was the recipient of a handsome gold medal, presented by the young members of the New York Caledonian Club, as a token of esteem. The medal is of tasteful design, representing a shield and a cross formed of thi tles, bound together by a wreath of thistle.

CRICKET.

ENGLISH ELEVEN vs. ENGLISH TWENTY-TWO.

The English Eleven, (not All-England Eleven, as the papers have been erroneously induced to call them), a party of cricketers who were imported into this country as a money speculation, and who were so much puffed by the daily press previous to their arrival, have come and gone, at least for the present. They arrived on the 13th, and on the 16th, 17th and 18th were pitted against a selected twenty-two Englishmen, chosen from the New York, Willow and St. George Clubs. The attendance was limited on each occasion of their appearance, there not being more than ten or twelve hundred spectators on any one day. Great preparations had been made by those interested in the speculation to get out a large crowd, but in this the parties "reckoned without their host." The club instrumental in bringing them out in this city has heretofore paid very little attention to the press in its endeavors to give correct reports of matches, but on this occasion was very obsequious when it became a matter of dollars and cents. With the single exception of a hungry representative of the fourth estate, who is always about when there is anything to eat, and who generally bodies to anybody and everything that will afford him a chance for a "free lunch," the efforts of the club to have the "great match" written up so as to attract a multitude was a signal failure. To be sure the daily press gave long accounts of the affair, but the same papers contained articles devoted to the "Wickedest Man in New York" and other humbugs. As a great event, then, either pecuniarly or in point of attraction, the affair was a failure Years ago the match would have attracted its thousands of interested spectators, but now-a-days, with the popular National Game to contend against, very few can be induced to witness a game which takes as many days to decide as it does hours to play a game of base ball.

On the 17th the Eleven went to the bat, and before the last wicket fell 175 runs had been put to their credit. The bowling and fielding of the Twenty-two were excellent, and the professionals did not meet general expectations in their efforts to secure runs. On the second day of the match the Twenty-two Englishmen commenced their first innings, and were so quickly disposed of by the splendid bowling and sharp fielding of the Eleven that 61 runs were all they could get together. They followed their innings by going to the bat again. This time they did a little better, 88 being their totals, of which Rogerson made 22, which is only one behind the figures of Jupp's score. Of course, as the Twenty-two had failed to exceed the score of the Eleven, the latter did not go to the bat again. The last day's proceedings wound up with a game of base ball, in which eight of the eleven, with Harry Wright added, were pitted against a nine from the St. George Club. It took the strangers some time to pick up the points of the game, but toward the end they became quite expert in handling the ball, while at the bat they were very successful, defeating the nine opposed to them by a score of 39 to 14 in five innings. The following is a summary of the cricket match:—

THE ALL ENGLAND ELEVEN.—First Innings.

Jupp b Norley	0	Rowbotham b Norley	13
Humphrey b H. Wright	5	Freeman c Lee b Norley	10
Smith b Norley	22	Charlwood not out	18
Lillywhite b Gibbes	13	Willsher c H. Wright b Lee	16
Shaw run out	16	Byes, 14; leg bye, 1; wides, 1	21
Tarrant l b w, b Norley	0		
Pooley b Norley	18	Total	173

First Innings. TWENTY-TWO. Second Innings.

Cashman b Willsher	0	l b w, b Lillywhite	0
Aspinall b Willsher	6	run out	7
Want b Freeman	0	l b w, b Shaw	7
Cross b Willsher	3	run out	1
Mortimer c Lillywhite b Willsher	3	c Pooley b Shaw	0
H. Wright b Willsher	0	run out	1
Gibbes b Freeman	7	b Shaw	8
Norley run out	5	b Shaw	2
G. Wright b Freeman	0	b Tarrant	2
Earnshaw b Freeman	1	c Pooley b Freeman	7
Winslow c Humphrey b Willsher	11	b Tarrant	0
Lee c Tarrant b Willsher	7	b Freeman	4
Butterfield b Willsher	0	b Shaw	2
Smith c Pooley b Freeman	3	b Freeman	3
Bowman c Jupp b Winslow	4	run out	2
Morrison b Willsher	0	c Lillywhite b Shaw	0
C. Stokes b Willsher	2	b Shaw	0
Lancey not out	1	c Willsher b Lillywhite	0
Pomeroy c Pooley b Willsher	1	b Shaw	1
Hill b Freeman	1	b Shaw	0
Houghton b Willsher	0	b Freeman	1
Rogerson b Willsher	0	c Tarrant b Shaw	22
Byes, 4; leg byes, 6	10	Byes, 9; leg bye, 1	10
Total	81	Total	84

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

ST. GEORGE.—First Innings.

	Balls.	*Runs.*	*Min Overs.*	*Wickets.*
Norley	320	62	43	6
H. Wright	168	56	20	1
Gibbes	64	14	8	1
Butterfield	81	14	13	0
Lee	7	3	0	1

ENGLAND.—First Innings.

Willsher	119	23	18	13
Freeman	116	28	16	8
	Second Innings.			
Tarrant	68	13	11	4
Lillywhite	52	16	3	2
Freeman	116	29	13	4
Shaw	110	14	14	10

CRICKETING IN THE BAY STATE.

The Boston Cricket Club played a match with the Nonantums, of Newton Corner, on the 12th inst, the result of which is shown by the score below given:—

First Innings.	NONANTUM.	Second Innings.
G. Linden b Eastwood	1	b Roddick	0
Stearns l b w, b Eastwood	6	run out	1
Sanderton l b w, b Barron	2	b Eastwood	11
Hammond b Eastwood	14	b Eastwood	1
Choate c Bate b Eastwood	13	c Draper b Eastwood	1
Mixer l b w, b Draper	1	l b w, b Roddick	1
W. Linder c and b Eastwood	1	b Eastwood	7
F. Linder c Kilner b Draper	2	st by Draper b Roddick	3
Ely not out	5	c Crossland b Roddick	0
Parker c and b Draper	4	c Dring b Eastwood	1
Choffin run out	0	not out	0
Byes, 5; leg bye, 3; wide, 1	7		
Total	56	Total	29

BOSTON.—First Innings.

Eastwood b Hammond	8	Barron c Hammond b W. Linder	0
Crossland c Stearns b Hammond	0	Kilner c T. Linder b Hammond	3
Dring run out	2	Bate b W. Linder	0
Draper c T. Linder b W. Linder	2	Collamore not out	0
Davis c T. Linder b Hammond	2	Wide	1
Roddick c Boote b Hammond	6		
Sullivan run out	6	Total	31

In the second innings the Bostonians scored:—Eastwood (not out), 29; Crossland (b W. Linder), 9; and Dring (not out), 17—total, 55.

Wonderful Railroad Time.

NINETY-ONE MILES IN NINETY MINUTES.

A feat in railroading, which fairly eclipses any previously recorded performance of the iron horse, is said to have been accomplished on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway on Saturday, Sept 12th. A Janesville (ill.) exchange thus speaks of the remarkable run:—"A special train, consisting of an engine, tender, baggage and directors' car, having on board a number of the directors of the road, accompanied by A. A. Hobart, Esq., Superintendent, left Fort Howard in the morning for Chicago. Until this city was reached the time made was decidedly lively; but from here to Chicago it was truly wonderful. Below we give the exact time of leaving, from point to point, with the names of the engineers and locomotives engaged in the run:—From Fort Howard to Oshkosh, engineer Michael Hackett, locomotive Jefferson—Left Fort Howard at 7 A. M.; Wrightstown, 7.25; Appleton, 7.59; Neenah, 8.15; arrived at Oshkosh, 8.40. From Oshkosh to Janesville, Henry Morris, engineer; locomotive Tilden—Left Oshkosh at 9.10; Fond du Lac, 10.10; Chester, 10.37; Burnett, 11.03; Minnesota Junction, 11.48; Juneau, 11.54; Watertown, 12.22; Jefferson, 12.43; Fort Atkinson, 12.53; Milton Junction, 1.09; arrived at Janesville, 1.20. The Tilden made several mile runs inside of a minute.

From Janesville to Chicago, Thomas King, engineer, locomotive Bartholomew, with driving wheels 5½ feet in diameter. Left Janesville at 1.40, losing one minute at Shopiere by slackening speed; reached Clinton at 1.56, and lost three minutes by stoppage, leaving at 1.59; passed Shoron at 2.06; reached Harvard at 2.15; took water and left at 2.21; passed Woodstock, 2.31, Crystal Lake, 2.40, Barrington, 2.52, reached Palatine 2.57 passing at 2.59, losing two minutes by slackening; Desplaines 3.07, passing at 3.06, losing two minutes by slackening; Plank Road 3.14, City Limits 3.20, Depot 3.25, making the actual running time from Janesville to Chicago 90 minutes! the quickest time was a mile in 52 seconds! and between Harvard and Chicago the most time consumed in running a mile was 63 seconds. The train was in charge of conductor C. A. Swinford. The quickest-prior runs of which we have any record are as follows: In England, 18 miles by special train in 15 minutes. In the United States, 14 miles in 11 minutes, by an engine and six cars on the N. Y. Central; 10 miles in 7½ minutes, on the Pennsylvania Railroad; 144 miles in 2 hours 49 minutes, on the Hudson River road; 84 miles in 90 minutes, from Indianapolis to Union City; 305 miles in 7 hours 32 minutes, from Albany to Niagara.

EXTRAORDINARY GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCE.—At a colored festival given in a gymnasium hall in Detroit, Mich., a short time ago, a daring feat of ground and lofty tumbling was performed, which, at the time, created an unusual degree of colored excitement. The colored population assembled were enjoying themselves hugely. The ivory shone resplendent, the ladies were in delight, and the generous color could not show if there half the joy they felt on the occasion. They ached to find new means of displaying their ecstacy, and, with it, their agility. At last some one discovered the ladder which extends across the hall for exercise in hanging by the hands, and moving back and forth by these means. Several ambitious young fellows instantly set off and exercised in this way for some time; but as the table of exhibitors immediately underneath, the sport was forbidden. But the temptation was too great to be resisted, and the chance of display too good to be lost, and pretty soon Pomp Smith, a coon of large proportions, seizing the opportunity, set off, swinging himself across the hall suspended by his arms, from round to round of the ladder. He was discovered just as he had reached a point over the centre of the table, and ordered back; but determined to go through, he redoubled his energies and struck out boldly. An instant and he lost hold by one hand—a struggle to regain his grasp loosened the grip of the other hand, and quick as lightning, and with the weight of a thunderbolt, to the consternation and dismay of the gazing multitude, the white of every eye by this time being turned up "to see what all de fuss was about," Pompey fell spang into the middle of the well-filled table, flat upon his back. His posterior parts crashed into the gorgeous glass centre-piece breaking it into smithereens, one foot kicked a turkey into the crowd, the other landed a pie into the lap of an ebony damsel; the head of the fallen body bounced into a dish of ice cream, while the frantic hands and arms did desperate work with dishes and eatables all around. A frantic shriek of dismay rent the air for blocks around; limpets, coons and colored people of both sexes in indescribable scene of confusion filled the hall. "Git out o' dat grub, you cullud cuss!" yelled a waiter. "Oh Lord!" shrieked Dinah, "de dinnus's dun gone spiled, fo' shu;" and a thousand other lamentations and ejaculations were heard in intermingled confusion. At last the overpowering ludicrousness of the situation burst upon the party; they forgot their losses and the scene around them, and burst into the wildest guffaws of boisterous laughter. Pen nor pencil could do justice to the scene. It could only be appreciated by an eye-witness.

A WORD ABOUT LOVE.—What did love mean to a woman who had never felt its power? It meant nothing. No more than religion meant to the infidel—than the word of God signifies to the atheist. She had never believed in it; she had treated it as an idea, a folly, a delusive dream. Children put faith in stories of dwarfs and giants, of enchanted castles, of magicians, of sprites and gnomes; boys and girls, in a similar manner, place confidence in love tales, in romantic legends, in sentimental songs; but when children grew up to be boys and girls, and when boys and girls grew up to be men and women, they abandoned their old superstitions, and became like unto Pharaoh herself, a wise individual, who believed in nothing out of the common course of events, who thought that marriage meant nothing more than what the prayer book said it did, who would have gone before a magistrate and sworn to the fact, had such testimony been desired of her, who laughed at love, and whose firm opinion was that love between a man and woman not related to one another by blood meant either folly or sin.

THE RETURNED SKITTLER.—L. Sidney, the celebrated skittle expert, who, last winter, figured in a number of games with prominent players in the metropolis, returned to the city last week after a

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